JOHN BULL, week ending May 30, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI 1876

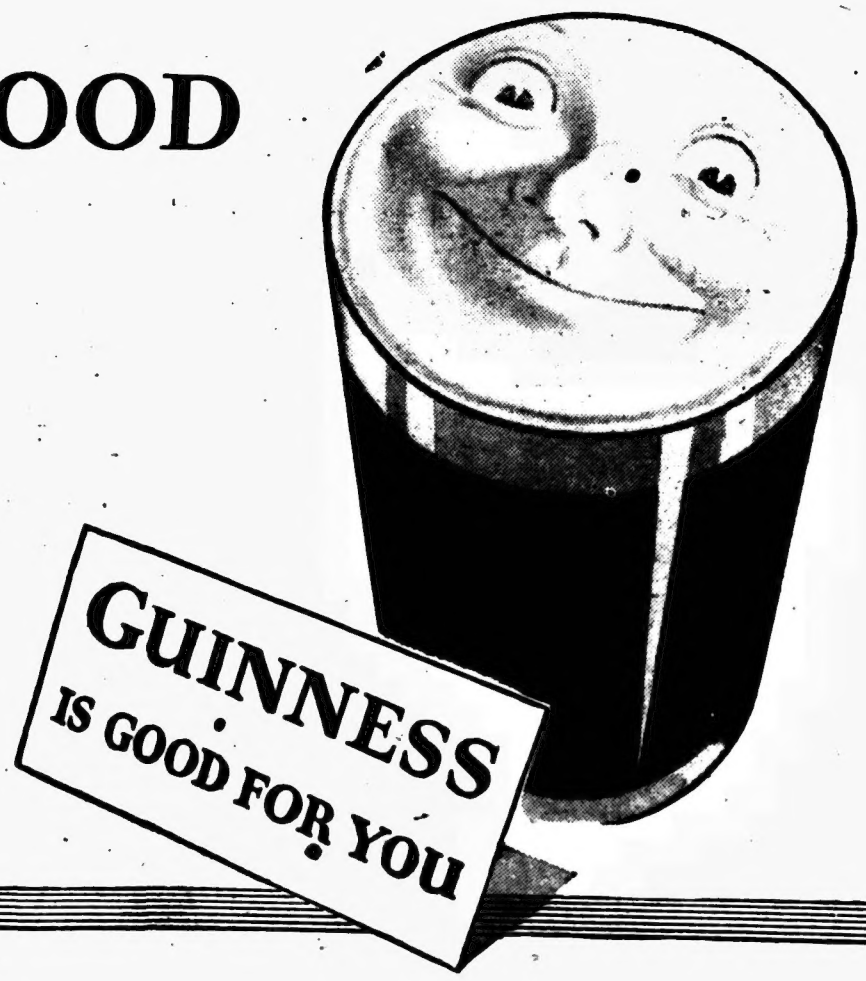
3D EVERY THURSDAY

CHASING PRICE SHADOWS by the EDITOR

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

AFTER HITLER—WHAT? by A.G.C.

YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR GUINNESS—IT'LL DO YOU GOOD



G.E.1105H

BE SURE TO GIVE UP YOUR OLD TUBE TO THE RETAILER EVERY TIME YOU BUY A NEW ONE

OWING to the shortage of metal in the country, it is vital that all collapsible tubes be salvaged. Your co-operation is essential. Don't throw away any metal tubes when empty; hand them to your local retailer. The proceeds from the sale of the old metal will go to the Red Cross & St. John Fund.

This space has been presented by the makers of PEPSODENT DENTIFRICE.

ISSUED BY THE DENTIFRICE MANUFACTURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN
MRG 2A-9-55

What do I do...

to help to make good our shortage of rubber?

I remember that *every scrap* of waste rubber is wanted for making weapons, gas-masks, wireless and cable gear and life-saving devices.

So I put out for collection by my Local Authority all the waste rubber I can find—worn-out rubber boots, rubber-soled footwear, wringer rollers, rubber mats, hot-water bottles, rubber sponges, gloves, rubber toys and balls—everything except "proofed" material such as raincoats.

I hand in worn-out tyres to my local garage—or put them out with other waste rubber for collection by the Local Authority.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the nation by the Brewers' Society

KEEPING PACE with your child's food requirements in war-time

Horlicks is a valuable addition to the diet

A CHILD'S appetite is just the same in war-time as in peace-time! Most children have a liking and a desire for "something sweet" and you know, of course, that this desire for sweet things springs from the bodily need which a lively, growing child has for a food that can be quickly converted into energy.

Horlicks contains natural sugars (milk sugar and malt sugars) and dextrins. These pass very rapidly into the blood-stream, providing just the quick energy that children need.

There is also a high proportion of protein (body-building material) in Horlicks — 14.2%. Half of this is milk protein, half cereal protein: an ideal dietary yield.

In addition, Horlicks supplies protective minerals. Horlicks therefore makes a most useful addition to the diet of the active, growing child.

NO MILK NEEDED

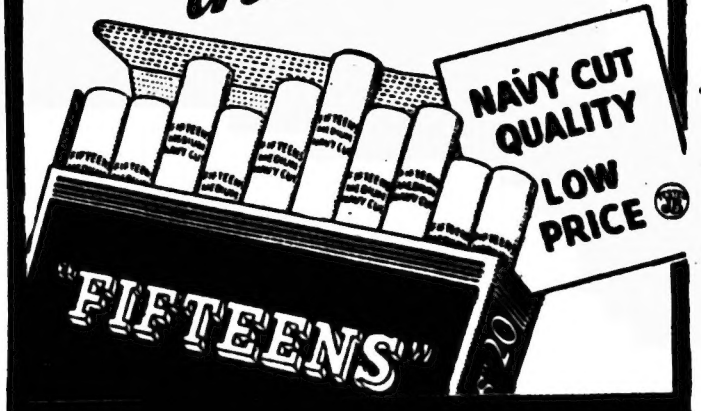
The correct way to make Horlicks is and always has been to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it. What an advantage this is for mothers of young children at the present time! The use of Horlicks makes no demands on your milk supply.

So let your children have Horlicks as often as you can. They'll love it and it will do them so much good. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle, at all chemists and grocers.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

Smoke "FIFTEENS" and keep the change!



20 FOR 1/5

Excuse me- INNER CLEANLINESS is most important

Inner Cleanliness with Andrews is the simple health rule. Millions rely on Andrews, the quality is always the same. Now one size only, 8 ozs. for 1/10½d, including purchase tax (instead of 7 ozs. at 1/6½d).

"Tell me, doctor..."

....why do some wounds heal quite quickly, and others seem to take so long?"

Wounds heal naturally and quickly only if they are kept clean and free from the germs of septic infection. To keep wounds in a healthy condition for safe and rapid healing, surgeons everywhere use 'Dettol'. This ruthless destroyer of germs is entirely non-poisonous and non-corrosive.

This means that whilst it thoroughly disinfects a wound, 'Dettol' leaves living tissue unharmed to begin the processes of natural repair. And so it not only protects the body from the menace of septic complications, but permits safe, rapid healing.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL Trade Mark THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 30, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

MAD MAY

● "Pull devil, pull baker," is the slogan of Government Departments.

The Ministry of Agriculture urges farmers to grow more food. The Board of Trade insists on ruining the crops in order to dig up coal.

Two brothers have been farming at Newbold, near Chesterfield, for five years. They worked hard and long.

Just when they were beginning to get some recompense for their labours, the Board of Trade granted contractors a licence to search for coal on the farm.

That was two months ago. Now sixty acres are given over to the work of raising outcrop coal. Boreholes have been sunk all over flourishing fields of wheat and oats. But only poor-quality minerals have so far been raised.

This May madness is spoiling many farms.

And so JOHN BULL demands that, before the system of surface coal working is extended, a sensible plan should be drawn up to restrict it to derelict land.

We need coal. We also need food. The rival claims must be adjusted.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE 1,000 DAYS

PLAINLY, the clock is moving too fast for Hitler—and for Laval. Will it move fast enough for us?

We have been at war for just 1,000 days. At 11 a.m. on Friday, May 29, the thousandth day of war will be completed.

Every day now, the war is costing us at least £15 millions. It must not last another thousand days, for then the cost in money and much more valuable materials would be as difficult to calculate as the grains of sand in the Sahara.

Second Front

Hence the nation's desire to beat the clock. Hence the Commons' insistence in last week's Debate that the Government should be imbued with a sense of urgency and speed.

So, too, the demand for a Second Front grows every day and is soothingly forecast by Ministers every week.

Wait and See

The Second Front will come. But when?

We must not wait to see what the enemy is going to do. Our offensive policy must not give way to Mr. Attlee's "Wait and see."

It would be unsound, he says, to concentrate our forces in one area before Japan has revealed her main objective. As for Europe, he adds that in any summer campaign the Germans will be met by Russian resolution, fortitude and skill.

Out-plan, Out-guess!

That is a defensive policy. It is not the policy of our Allies. It should not be the policy of Britain.

We must out-guess and out-plan the enemy.

WE MUST STRIKE FIRST.

Right Moment

And that is not merely the wish of troops and war workers alike. It is sound military strategy.

Strike as soon as we can do so with maximum power and the knowledge that Hitler's forces are strained!

In short, attack at the right time and with the right forces.

No Pause

Until that moment arrives, we must be patient. *But not placid.*

Mr. Attlee describes the present period as "something of a pause." An unfortunate phrase!

Full Speed

For there is no pause in the fighting around Kharkov. No pause in the struggle of Gen. Stilwell's Chinese army on the Burma frontier. No slackening in the Australian zone. Certainly no pause in the workshops of the United Nations.

Nor should there be any pause in our Cabinet's arrangements to take the initiative at the most favourable moment.

Time the Tyrant

Mr. Attlee must keep his eye on the clock. He must remember that the war cannot be viewed in terms of Britain alone.

The enemy will not wait upon our convenience. Nor will the Soviet Union.

We must be equally ready to strike next week or months hence. For see how much has depended on correct timing in this war!

Missed Chance

Two years ago this Saturday, May 30, our troops were leaving Dunkirk.

Hitler should then have struck quickly at Britain. He let the clock race on to September, when the R.A.F. proved that his chance had passed.

One year ago this Saturday, we broke the resistance in Iraq. We had acted just in time, as did Wavell in his first Libyan campaign.

Wrong Foot

Last autumn, Stalin waited till Moscow seemed doomed, then threw in his 70,000 Cossacks that took the enemy by surprise.

This month, Timoshenko launched his attack a day before the Nazi thrust was timed to begin, and thereby caught Hitler on the wrong foot.

We were right in our timing of the Madagascar coup. We were wrong in our timing of reinforcements for Singapore and Burma.

Bombs and Coal

So let us not think of pauses but of preparations.

Smuts predicts big events in the Indian Ocean. India and Australia need to work the clock round on both their defences and facilities for attack.

The R.A.F. offensive must not slacken. There must be no further delay in dealing with the fuel muddle.

The Two R's

We must ration coal and other forms of lighting and heating. Thus shall we ensure fair distribution and maintain the war effort.

We must rationalise the coalfields to obtain efficiency.

Mining must be made more attractive to youth. Wages and conditions are capable of great improvement. And we must bring back as many skilled miners as possible from other industries and the Services.

Behind Time

Not only more coal is needed, but more aircraft and munitions.

So there should be no pause before setting up the regional boards, advocated by the Citrine committee, to speed war production and eliminate waste.

They should have been established two years ago.

Workers' Voice

Even in this matter the Government shows a strange timidity. For the Government is not carrying out the full recommendations of the Citrine committee.

It has watered down those recommendations. It knocks away their pivotal point. It denies to the workers a real voice in the discussion of production problems.

Stillborn

It proposes that both employers and workers shall be represented on the regional boards.

But the executive committees will be entirely composed of officials.

The boards will not often meet. The committees will meet every week. And the committees will do most of the work and take decisions!

This arrangement will cause trouble. Indeed, it already threatens to make the whole scheme abortive.

Indignation

There is strong feeling against the dropping of industrial representatives from the executive committees.

Mr. Lyttelton cannot shut his ears to the protests. If he is wise, he will carry out the Citrine report in its entirety—and speedily.

Harvest Home

Nor should there be delay in forming plans for the harvest.

The farmer does not plan a week ahead; he has to calculate his arrangements months in advance.

We must plan now if we are to avoid leaving crops to rot—as they rotted in some districts last year.

Holiday Camps

Now, farm labour is scarcer than ever. We shall have to overcome it by the aid of children.

JOHN BULL cannot understand the objections to this scheme. There is no intention of sweating and dragooning the youngsters as in Germany.

Instead, it is proposed that only children over the age of twelve shall be employed in similar conditions to the "country holidays" scheme that has always been popular.

Invaluable

In most districts they will be engaged only for a fortnight, but in that period of harvest climax their help to the nation will be invaluable.

Moreover, the benefit to their own health should be as great.

Other excellent schemes have been forthcoming—such as the Capt. Davies' holiday camp in Middlesex.

National Plan

The Minister of Agriculture should co-ordinate these schemes and extend them on a national scale.

That should be done during the next few weeks. By the time summer approaches its end, every arrangement should be ready to the last detail.

Do It Now!

Time waits for no nation. The Government must neither pause nor procrastinate. Its slogan must be: "Do it *now*."

Let us not have another thousand days of war.

(Continued overleaf)

SICK FIREMEN MUST BE SACKED!

● **There was a nation-wide sense of shame and indignation when it became known that firemen heroes of the "blitz" were sacked after thirteen weeks of disability.**

Well, that scandal still goes on. If a man is sick or injured he is still penalised.

The only change is that the victims now get a polite instead of a curt notice of dismissal.

One of them is an Isle of Wight man who joined the A.F.S. in May, 1939. Last January, during a fire exercise, he broke a leg.

He was in hospital for fourteen weeks. After the thirteenth week he received from his commander a letter carrying out "the most unpleasant duty of serving a formal Notice of Discharge."

So now the fireman has to keep himself and his wife on 35s. a week from the public assistance committee.

Mr. Herbert Morrison cannot like the system any more than the N.F.S. or the public. JOHN BULL urges him to obtain Parliament's authority to amend the regulations.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

HAW-HAW rumours are current again.

Report spread that Haw-Haw had threatened a German raid on a new R.A.F. aerodrome, to take place on a recent Monday.

Of course, the *Luftwaffe* kept away. So did some chicken-hearted workmen.

Helping Hitler

Such fools play the Nazi game. It is useless to assure them that the Nazi air leaders are not quite so crazy as to take an insignificant rat into their confidence.

All one can do is to challenge the rumour-mongers to cite a single case in which Haw-Haw predicted an actual raid. Or inform the police.

White Feather Folly

The second method should have been adopted by young Douglas Friend. Dive-bombed at Dunkirk, invalided from the Army, he was leaving a doctor's surgery the other day when some idiotic woman handed him a white feather.

This nonsense is increasing. It has caused several suicides.

It will be stopped only if the perpetrators are handed over to the police. Magistrates will know how to deal with them.

Dancing Dodgers

Certainly there are some young men still dodging military service. But their employers—and the authorities—must share the blame for that.

At one aerodrome, fourteen elderly men are employed on plain painting—a job a labourer could do.

They have three foremen, aged between twenty-two and twenty-eight. These men undertake no Home Guard or Civil Defence duties; they are too keen on dancing.

Check Up

As the work decreases, elderly and experienced painters are stood off. But the young "key-men" remain.

JOHN BULL **suggests that a comb-out among war contractors' staffs would not necessarily impair the war effort.**

Sent Home

The truth is that labour is still prodigiously wasted. Even in the mines!

At one pit, thirty or forty blacksmiths, joiners and surface men are sent back every day.

Some have drawn full wages for three weeks without doing an hour's work—to their disgust.

In the Midst of War

It should be possible to transfer them to a near-by pit. Equally, of course, it should be possible to place a Jarrow shipwright who has been on the "dole" for five weeks.

An ex-naval man with two sons in the Forces, he's rather puzzled by the appeal for N.F.S. men to accept part-time munition work.

Non-Co-operation

Here's something else to puzzle him:

An electric welder, working sixty-four hours a week on repair work to warships, has been called-up for the Army.

His firm, applying for his deferment, is told that though the Admiralty wants him, the Army has first claim on him. Not much Service co-operation about that!

Smoke Abatement

No less strange is the disappearance of cigarettes and 'baccy from some Service canteens, so that the men have to buy their supplies elsewhere at full prices.

Better increase their pay than grant them five cheap cigarettes a day which may or may not always be available!

A Crime to Lose

One sensible change is that officers who lose secret documents by apparent carelessness will, in future, have to face a court of inquiry or, in serious cases, a court-martial.

But no steps will be taken against Ministers who lose warships or regiments by ordering them into action without air cover.

In Reserve

One R.A.F. volunteer, chosen as an air-gunner, is feeling blue because since January he has done nothing but potato-peeling, lavatory-cleaning and other fatigues.

It isn't easy for such men to realise the need to build up a big reserve of potential air crews.

But some authoritative Service statement might help to convince them that their chance will come.

Prisoners' Parcels

Official attention should also be given to a letter (JOHN BULL has seen several of the same kind) received by a woman from her husband, a prisoner-of-war in Germany.

She has sent him many parcels. But he writes:

"As usual, no parcels yet—and they *may never arrive.* I can't explain, but *don't* send any more; and if you should get a receipt supposed to come from me check the signature."

We shall not attempt to solve the mystery. That should be done only through the International Red Cross.

Smashing Sentences

In this country there is a shocking increase in the theft of parcels addressed to Servicemen.

Pious exhortations won't deter the rogues. Closer supervision, a few smashing sentences on convicted offenders, will do so.

Feeding the Foxes

It is alleged that rabbits are harboured in a special warren to feed foxes in the Staveley district of Derbyshire.

This war should put an end to feudal practices. And the indignant farmers have the remedy in their own hands—the sporting gun.

Rent Tyranny

Similarly, the war should have curtailed the landlords' power to demand a pound of flesh. But the Government's policy on this matter seems as nebulous as the Milky Way.

A soldier's wife has done her utmost to keep her home going until her husband returns. But she has been unable to pay more than £5 a month rent for her Wembley Park flat instead of the full £7.

So the landlord stopped paying the rates in order that the tenant should be summoned. The court had no alternative but to apply the law.

Privilege

Therefore, the tenant may lose his home unless 9s. a week is paid off the rate arrears—an impossibility in the present scale of Army allowances.

That is one of many cases. It suggests that landlords are regarded as the only section of the community who need make no war sacrifices. And it stresses the need for a clear-cut official ruling.

As She Is Wrote!

The Government should also take the initiative in causing laws to be framed in language the intelligent citizen can understand.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, that M.P. for the Preservation of English, cites a quite typical example of legislative jargon—the latter part of a sentence in the new Mercantile Marine Pensions Bill:

"Section six of the principal Act . . . shall as amended by the subsequent provisions of the Act, apply in relation to loss and damage falling within this section which is not war damage as so defined as it applies in relation to war damage as so defined."

Headache for Lawyers

Imagine a sailor puzzling that out to discover whether he is entitled to pension or not! Imagine the headaches it will give to lawyers sitting with damp towels round their heads!

Eventually, no doubt, it will have to be interpreted by the High Court. Yet it could have been put into simple English by a trained writer.

Looking Ahead

In some directions, though, commonsense is triumphing.

Surveys are being made in London and Lancashire in order to reorganise hospital services after the war.

A useful beginning. But it should be quickly extended to the whole country. And we should begin now to prepare the rebuilding of our towns by establishing a Central Planning Authority.

Plans must come before bricks.

It's a Hard Life

Mention of hospitals recalls our recent criticism of nursing conditions. Here's a further case in point:

Girl of eighteen is on duty twelve hours a night, in a ward with twenty-three tuberculous patients. Often she has no time for meals, gets badly run down.

She never gets an egg or fruit, is allowed only 3 oz. of soap a week despite the need to wash her hands frequently. It need only be added that young women—even nurses—are particularly susceptible to the disease.

Austrian Youth

Young folk of both sexes hope to raise £1,500 for an X-ray unit in an Aid Russia Week next month.

They are the 800 members (most of them working in war factories) of "Young Austria in Great Britain."

We wish them luck.

Remove this Ban!

Barnsley "deeply resents" the attitude of the Minister of Health, who refuses to allow the town council to grant £500 to the Barnsley Main Colliery Disaster Fund.

As the council has previously been allowed to make grants to pit disaster funds in other towns, the Minister's ban appears not only parsimonious but preposterous.

It must be lifted.

It's Odd

Another oddity for which there seems no explanation is that though a dairyman can be heavily fined for adding water to milk, no penalty is imposed on dealers who sell coal containing much slate and stone.

All too often nowadays there seems more slate than coal!

Red Lights

Next mystery is that despite the need for fuel economy the red lamps on many London street shelters are kept alight all day.

Haven't borough engineers heard of master switches?

Social Insecurity

But there's no mystery about the demand for social security after the war.

Victim of the present insecurity is a reader who underwent an operation in March. His employer visited him twice in hospital, once while he was convalescing at home, and expressed pleasure at his recovery.

Then he wrote thanking him for 37 years of loyal service and informing him that his job had been filled.

That sort of humbugging treatment should not be tolerated in a civilised State. And it mustn't be tolerated in Britain after the war.

Mr. Bevin's plan to assure work-for-all after the war is excellent. But it is not enough. We must also have a plan to prevent men from being thrown on the scrap-heap when that work is finished!

Behind the News

- **The political storm may easily develop into a political crisis.**
- *Even more than speeches at the Labour Party's conference have shown, there is growing disquiet throughout the rank - and - file membership.*
- It is felt that Labour Ministers have not been forceful enough in urging policies that would be acceptable to the movement—particularly in regard to transport and coal problems.
- **The trouble has been brought to a head by the Government's decision to "sell out" to the shipowners.**
- *On the other hand, Dr. Dalton has devised a new scheme for coal rationing, more drastic even than the National Council of Labour's proposals.*
- As the responsible Minister, he'll be able to bring pressure on the Cabinet. Yet it is by no means certain that his plan will be accepted.
- **If rejected, the storm will be all the fiercer—and Labour may insist on leaving the Government.**
- *Frantic attempts are being made by Germans and Japanese to establish land communications; most of their couriers who try to get through the Middle East are caught.*
- Goering has been forced to relinquish control of most of the European production centres from which he derived fabulous income.
- **Professor Messerschmitt has been omitted from the new Council for Production in Germany. He is not regarded as 100 per cent. Nazi.**
- *Italian aristocrats in the U.S.A. are putting out peace-feelers. Most prominent among them is Count Tarlonia.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

CHASING PRICE SHADOWS

LIKE a child chasing his shadow or a kitten running after its own tail, the Board of Trade rushes in vain pursuit of a swarm of profiteers.

It never catches up with them.

There is no uncontrolled commodity in short supply which has not given the get-rich-quick gang a chance to get rich more quickly still.

When at last the Board of Trade DOES *clamp some limit on rising prices, the fat profits have already been taken and, in practice, the new control still leaves a margin for lucrative picking of the people's pockets.*

Exasperated readers send us complaints from all parts of the country of the outrageous prices which are being charged for furniture, perambulators, toys, wines and spirits and many other goods.

These complaints are fully justified by the facts.

Furniture, both new and second-hand, is in particular demand because so many people have been bombed out of their homes.

Did the profiteers feel any pity for these unfortunates? Not the slightest; they only saw in their necessity a golden opportunity to satisfy their own greed.

So prices soared and soared. Our Special Commissioner, having visited big stores, little second-hand shops and furniture marts of all descriptions, reports that goods have been selling openly at anything from three to six times their pre-war prices.

He saw bedroom suites worth £18 18s. pre-war offered at £90; three-piece, oak-ply sets, once manufactured for about £8, displayed at £50; and chests of drawers, which might have fetched "a fiver" in 1939, turned into "bargains" at anything from £15 to £20.

Reputable firms, anxious for control and conscious of the urgent need for it, were themselves unable to stem the rise.

What is true of furniture is also true of perambulators and toys. There is a great scarcity of both, and the profit-snatchers have been as heartless to children as to air raid victims.

Prams, which would have cost £6 pre-war, have been selling for anything up to £20. We know of a case in which a second-hand *pram was sold to a mother for £17, though a new one of the same type, had it been obtainable, would have cost her only £14!*

TOYS have been nominally price-controlled since last December, but there are so many loopholes in the regulations that they are still commanding wicked prices.

The *Toy Trader*, official organ of the trade, admitted in a recent issue that some shopkeepers have "certainly overstepped the mark of decency and fair play," and added that "articles sold for pence by the manufacturer were retailed at shillings," and that "for a toy sold at 3s. by the maker, plus Purchase Tax, a well-known London store charged 14s. 6d."!

JOHN BULL'S *Special Commissioner confirms the iniquitous prices which are still being asked. In several large London stores he found dolls selling at 22s. 9d. which could have been bought for 5s. two years ago!*

And so on and so on.

As usual, the Board of Trade waited until prices had rocketed to scandalous heights before it took its ineffective action. In regard to toys, its attitude seems to be that these are "luxuries," and that there are other matters of greater importance which demand attention.

But toys for the children are *not* luxuries. Many parents would go short of their own necessities in order to buy something for the youngsters to play with.

It is a disgrace to the country that profiteering has become so rampant and that the tardy "controls" now imposed do not, in practice, control either prices or profits.

Space fails us even to list—let alone to exemplify—the shocking profiteering in many other goods. It is worth noting, however, that there has been a mean little ramp even in fountain-pens, no doubt because these are a virtual necessity to the troops.

Again, it is common knowledge that the price sharks invade every trading sea that looks promising, even though it is far outside their normal swim.

Thus all sorts of nondescript "dealers" have suddenly gone into the wine and spirit trade and, competing with legitimate firms, have offered fancy prices for liquor which they afterwards sell at still higher profits to night clubs and other dubious resorts.

JOHN BULL is aware that the Board of Trade issued four new Orders to take effect as from last May Day.

The first of these fixed maximum prices for new furniture at the levels ruling on that date—in other words, at the peak of the ramp.

The second established certain top-limits for second-hand furniture, clothing and many other articles, but left these limits open to ridiculously easy evasion by any clever rogue.

The third, previously referred to, banned auction sales except under proper licence.

The fourth merely brought up to date the general list of goods on which traders' profits are limited.

JOHN BULL appreciates the good intention behind all these Orders, but we still maintain that the Board of Trade is chasing price shadows.

Why? Because it imposes its controls not before but after the profiteers have made their haul; because it does not ANTICIPATE *the inevitable ramp in every single uncontrolled commodity; and, finally, because it has never yet contrived any net with a mesh fine enough to catch the clever profiteer.*

OTHER Ministries display similar weaknesses. The profit-snatchers have been busy in the vegetable markets and they are working a paying little ramp now in day-old chicks.

But we address this article particularly to Mr. Dalton, and we urge him, not so much to pass new Orders, as to implement the great powers already at his disposal.

It is not only the Black Markets which need to be closed down. Mr. Dalton ought to clean up the dirty grey and near-black ones operating just within the law or just outside it, as the case may be. Prosecutions should be swift and punishments ruthless.

As for the disgruntled and angry victims of the profiteers, JOHN BULL is bound to add that they cannot pass all the blame on to any Government Department. Inasmuch as they grumble and do not act, they contribute to the very evils of which they complain.

We advise all our readers to be their own policemen. We implore them, for their own sakes and for the sake of the community, to report every case of apparent profiteering to their local Price Regulation Committee.

These committees ought to be pestered.

That's what they are there for, and it is through them that we can best fight the pests.

But What About Some Jam To-day?

MOST of the political Isms consist of glowing promises of jam to-morrow. The Shape is always of Things to Come. The things in hand seem not to require any shape. The Brave New World is the World of To-morrow. You can't have any jam this morning, son.

Now, as the old tag was so fond of reminding us, the joke about to-morrow is that it never comes. So that the joke wears thin.

Planning for to-morrow, when you keep on generation after generation, ends up with having no taste about it.

It's all very well to say that this war, which first broke out in 1914, must not break out afresh in 1964. It's all very well to say that the baby who is in the cradle now must live in a better world when he is our age.

* * *

But, to be going on with, it might be as well to make sure that this war does not break out afresh the year after next, and also to make sure that the world is a better world before we ourselves go out of it.

Perhaps we can't make sure. But if we can't, then I'm certain we can't make sure for our grandchildren.

If the people who are always looking forty years on would look forty years back for a change they'd get a shock.

I can remember the Boer War and the death of Queen Victoria, magic lanterns and horse buses, newspapers without photographs, and the Wimpole Street Sunday.

There were Isms then, no doubt. There were people looking forty years ahead into the future and mapping out a brave new world for me *now*. Now in 1942.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

I wonder what they'd have said if they could have seen 1942. I don't mean the war only. I mean the general Shape of Things Which Have Come.

You see, it wasn't the Isms of 1942 which shaped the life we have been leading in these last few years. It was such things as the radio and the films and cheap travel and easy money and freedom of behaviour and the hire-purchase system.

The Ismists of 1902 were thinking in terms of magic lanterns and not films, horse trams and not Ford Eights, when they sat up late and tried to work out a Better World for Us. And we, in forty years, have scrapped all the things they were thinking about.

Just as the Ismists of to-day, planning for forty years on, are thinking in terms of films and Ford Eights, and radio and pleasure cruises in big steamers and the hire-purchase system and what not.

They can no more see the world our grandchildren will live in than the brainy politicians of 1902 could see the world we are living in now.

* * *

The party that will get my vote after the war will be the party with a promise to do something *soon*. The party with a plan, not for 1964, but for 1945. Because, in my opinion, a party with a good idea for my grandson but no idea at all for me will merely be a party trying to sell me a bread pill with a coating of sugar.

Politics has become a Jam Deferment Game. If it was ever much else. And some of us want a change.

As soon as the war is over they will all want our votes.

We, as usual, will be wanting Jam. Not to-morrow, but to-day. Let us, then, use our votes to bargain with, and not just toss them away.

WILL SCOTT.

Acting Admiral Sir HENRY HARWOOD, Commander-in-Chief, the Mediterranean

DEAR SIR HENRY,—Your new appointment, I hope, foreshadows a great effort to cut off Rommel's forces and leave them marooned on the African coast.

Though we take heavy toll of his supply ships, we cannot afford the present stalemate. So for months I have been urging that we should clear the Mediterranean of its scum.

To sweep it clean of furtive U-boats and nocturnal Italian destroyers would have more momentous consequences than we can easily imagine.

We should preserve Malta and Egypt. We should neutralise the *Luftwaffe* based in Sicily.

All Italy would be laid open to attack. Crete would cease to be of much value to the Germans. Their hold on the Balkans would be imperilled. Vichy would have to be careful. And Rommel could be dealt with at our convenience.

A big job for a big man! A task that demands both determination and discretion.

We know you have plenty of dash. We hope you have more discretion than to allow (as happened just before you took up your command) our destroyers to be sunk because they ventured into enemy seas without air support.

The R.A.F. will help you to the limit—and beyond.

With that aid, may the Victor of the *Graf von Spee* become the Victor of the Mediterranean!—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

Rt. Honourable HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

SIR,—It is preposterous that only navigation and engineering officers in the Merchant Navy are issued with steel helmets.

It is monstrous that all other ranks, including those who tend the guns, are without the protection given to many folk at home who have never heard a bomb drop.

It is indefensible that a man who runs to deal with an incendiary on the deck should be so completely exposed to machine-gun and cannon fire.

What excuses can be offered? That the Army must be supplied first? But every Tommy has a "tin hat" by now.

That steel is needed for munitions? Yes, but it is no less necessary to preserve the lives of those who bring us food and take our munitions to the battle fronts.

These men look to you, who are responsible for their welfare, to wring from the Ministry of Supply a fairer policy.—JOHN BULL.

MAHATMA GANDHI, Saint, No Statesman

DEAR MAHATMA,—The Cloud Cuckoo State in which you live is evidently a nightmarish dreamland.

You want the British to leave India to "anarchy." That, you think, would lead to civil war from which "the true India" would rise.

I prefer a sensible plan that would give freedom to India without massacre and misery.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P., Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Evidently we are moving towards total war. Why, your Ministry will in future issue individual licences to manufacturers of greeting-cards.

The public wouldn't succumb to alarm and despondency if you sacrificed even Christmas-cards for shell-cases.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel J. A. BALLARD, Richmond, Surrey

DEAR COLONEL,—Now you know that touchy bureaucracy isn't confined to Whitehall.

A works manager found his allotment too big for him. You wrote to the Town Clerk explaining that he had given you leave to cultivate a part of it.

Officialdom exploded. Regulations had been broken! Your friend must be given notice to quit! And he was.

The explanation, no doubt, is that the eyes of local officialdom are so firmly bound by red tape that they cannot read the Government's appeals to grow more food.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir PHILIP JOUBERT, Chief of Coastal Command

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—With admiration but no surprise, I hear that you personally organised and controlled the attack on the *Prinz Eugen*, remaining on duty for thirty-six hours.

In the name of the public, to whom you have long been the best-known and most popular of air marshals, let me say: "Congratulations on a grand feat!"—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. C. ERSKINE HILL, K.C., M.P., Chairman, 1922 Committee

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you and your fellow-Tories will fight like furies against State control of the mines. But the case of William Davies alone exposes the miserliness of private ownership.

He was a child of fifteen, working below ground. A fall of roof killed him.

Men who took his body home have been stopped half a day's wages!

Shameful, is it not?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BRYN ROBERTS, National Union of Public Employees

DEAR SIR,—Makes you bitter, doesn't it, that the soft-voiced gentry of the county councils are responsible for such grinding poverty?

Many of their roadmen cannot buy decent clothes for their children. Their wives cannot afford to buy the full food rations; not even milk.

Yet the councils refuse to raise the minimum wage-rate from 54s. to 64s. They, of course, have never tried to keep a family on a semi-starvation pittance. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—There are some injustices that reveal how the best-laid plan can go astray. Here is one:

A man paid National Health Insurance for thirty years. Then, for two or three years, he was too ill to pay his contributions. Eventually he died.

His widow, aged fifty-five, has to maintain an invalid son of thirty. But she cannot draw a pension—thirty years' contributions have counted for nothing.

Even in war time, such anomalies should be wiped away.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN, Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR,—One of my readers has no time to waste. He leaves home at 6.20 in the morning and gets back at 9.15 p.m.

But your Wigan tax inspectors insist on assessing him as a single man despite his wife and two children; your Warrington inspectors bombard him with letters requesting information they could easily get from Wigan.

An effective, though no original, method of wasting paper needed for the war effort!—JOHN BULL.

"For This I Will Die"

BETWEEN life and death there is little difference—the click of an omniscient shutter, the unfathomable split second of which no man knows.

Life is the flash of light between two mysteries, or is, perhaps, the vain ineffectual struggle between two great all-revealing existences. Who knows?

But between living and dying there lie immense, imponderable things. One man, by dying, may alter the destiny of a nation. Millions sacrificing their lives in a common cause may leave behind them those who mourn bitterly the sacrifice as vain.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

Some men die violent deaths because the evil they have done overtakes them; others die in remote lands seeking the bubble Fortune.

Men have died in the past because they believed in the ultimate triumph of liberty. They died at the stake so that those who came after could worship freely without intolerance or persecution.

To-day, all over the world, men and women are dying because greedy, arrogant nations are seeking to destroy those who would live in peace.

★ ★ ★

What are they dying for? The old shibboleths don't seem to give the answer. But maybe one answer is to be found in a booklet* I have just read.

It is a letter from a fighter pilot to his M.P.—a letter written just before the airman was shot down and taken prisoner a few weeks ago.

"For this I will die——" the R.A.F. pilot calls his letter. In it he sets out those things which, in his opinion, must dominate the post-war world.

He doesn't want a great deal. He just wants to see a world where everybody is given a chance to have work and security, a chance to enjoy freedom and happiness.

In short, it is the world which he wants to come back to—or, if need be, die for, so long as his son lives in it.

He wants every child to have an opportunity of education to the full extent of his or her talents; he wants a Church, inspired and able to lead the people; he wants an end to war, an end to those things that breed war—greed, jealousy, social injustice, poverty and the spirit of revenge (a tall order this last, but essential if the bogey of war is to be laid for ever).

He wants evolving *now* a new economic order to come into operation immediately the war is ended.

★ ★ ★

He points out that the world is full of all the things man wants in order to live his life fully. There is, he says, more than enough for everyone . . . But the problem, as he sees it, is how to secure for everyone in return for a fair effort a full measure of the earth's bounty and a fair share of freedom and leisure.

That is the problem our economic experts have to solve.

For one thing is certain—when the boys come back, with the job they tackled well done, they are not going to swallow the old clap-trap.

They will have braved death to keep the flag of Freedom flying. But the flag is not enough. They will have earned the right to a new economic order and, please Heaven, let us hope that nothing, no party, no barriers of profit or privilege will sway them from their purpose.

Because I, for one, believe that this time they are determined that their pals will not have died in vain.

** "For This I Will Die" (Staples and Staples, 6d. net).*

★ Remember Lord Beaverbrook's Back Room Boys and their beautiful bombs? Now meet some more Back Room Boys who help to *defeat* the biggest bombs—if they're German.

Real Bombing to Test Shelters

By MAURICE FAGENCE

THESE men are scientists, too. Very eminent scientists. In fact, I am officially informed that it would have been impossible to get such a brilliant scientific team together in peace time.

But they are actually bomb designers in reverse.

Their job is to defeat the bomb—to protect *you* against the worst and deadliest that the Hun mind can evolve.

One of their tasks (I cannot tell you of the most important until the war is over) is providing you with the best shelters in the world.

That doesn't sound so terribly scientific.

I myself imagined, until I went to spend a day with them, that providing shelters was a simple building or engineering job.

I know different now.

I was shown what happened to a huge, hefty, privately designed open-air shelter when a bomb was deliberately exploded near.

It collapsed into rubble.

The experiment was filmed, and later put through in slow motion.

Before I saw the bomb explosion I saw the huge roof of this shelter lifting into the air.

The shelter seemed to struggle to follow its roof, and then broke up under the strain.

There could have been no hope whatsoever for anybody in that shelter.

But let me be very clear about this: that was no official Ministry of Home Security shelter designed by the Back Room Boys of whom I write, and whom the Ministry employs.

It was designed by a firm of excellent builders who just didn't know the factors involved when a bomb explodes, and who had submitted their finished article to the Ministry for test.

Some of these firms say proudly, "We think it is a marvellous job. We piled one weight after another on it, until it bore 50 tons."

The Back Room Boys are not impressed.

Many such shelters have collapsed at a *sudden* five-ton thrust with a beam.

It hasn't been necessary to submit them to the test of exploding a bomb near.

An Outward Leap

Next, I was shown what happened when a bomb was exploded near some of the newest street shelters you will see about.

They had been erected in a circle, with the bomb in the centre. They were so close that one corner of each shelter overlapped where the crater *should* be after the explosion.

I expected to see them collapse like the heavier building.

Instead, they all took a perky little leap outwards, and, when the smoke and gigantic fountain of débris had cleared, were seen to be almost intact.

The slow-motion film showed these shelters soaring like aeroplanes in the act of taking-off, and then descending gracefully, all the time skidding round in a kind of waltz.

I was astounded to hear that there had been volunteers to sit in these shelters during such tests. That shows what confidence there is in them.

But, quite rightly, the offers were turned down. Dummies were used instead, and examination of them showed that little harm would have befallen any human occupant.

The Back Room Boys have brought houses crashing down on the quaint-looking Morrison table shelters they designed.

I had to be content with still photographs of the result, for you can't blow up a house for every caller. Nor can you take films in a room when the house is collapsing round it.

But in every test the quaint little table shelter has survived this terrific test.

I was shown pictures of Morrison table shelters on which houses have collapsed in actual air raids.

They would have withstood much more than the collapse of the houses which fell on them. And the people in them had in every case got out without injury.

Now let me sum up.

Ministry of Home Security shelters—*your* shelters—are far more bomb-resisting than the most sanguine experts could have thought possible when this war began.

The Germans, it is known, have done little more than imitate them. Their own shelter research has yielded little of value. What higher compliment can there be than that?

And remember this: We knew little or nothing of the factors involved when this war broke out.

The Ministry of Home Security called the best brains into its service. These scientists have made big sacrifices to undertake this work for you.

Then they appointed Regional Officers to report the effects of bombing in every air raid.

No freak result escaped them. The Back Room Boys found themselves running into factors that had never been known before.

They Hate This Word

There was what is called blast. These experts hate the word. It doesn't really describe what happens.

A blast wave, it was discovered, is something like the lash of a whip at the moment you crack it. The front of the wave is pressure—the back suction.

That is why cavity walls so often lose their outside skin in a raid.

That is why some windows are blown in, others sucked out.

That, too, is how the majority of air raid victims lose their lives.

The wall of the house may stand up to the pressure and then fall to the suction. It is drawn out and collapses.

The floor, with its support taken away, collapses in one piece, with the débris of the house on top of it.

Reports came in with monotonous regularity: "The occupants were killed because the floor came down." And: "The occupants were saved because a table, or the stairs, saved them from the falling floor."

That set the experts thinking in terms of indoor shelters.

Previously they had preferred the garden, thinking of houses catching fire or of gas or dust asphyxiating the occupants.

But houses didn't seem to catch fire. Nor did many people suffer asphyxiation. And the all-night raids, kept up night after night, made comfort an important factor.

So we turned away from the Anderson, which had given such remarkable results.

And now: what kind of shelter should we use?

Must be Ductile

Our Back Room Boys knew, by now, that a shelter should be a continuous box that was ductile—in other words, capable of bending.

Such a shelter would leap in the air, crack, distort—but not collapse.

Just study these few points for yourself:

By swinging away at the moment of catching, a cricketer will hold a ball driven at him with such force that every bone in his hand would have been broken if his hand had not "given."

The human body, raids had shown, was more resilient to the blast wave than such strong materials as bricks and mortar.

All this because the human body is a continuous box of ductile material.

By reinforcing them with steel bars throughout the fabric, we turned our street shelters into continuous boxes of ductile material.

And we aimed at the same principles in designing the Morrison table shelter—which has given such remarkable results.

I will mention one more factor: Knock On.

Hold a cigarette packet upright, and push a penny into the bottom of it. Tap the top, and you will find that the penny, instead of falling out, will travel upwards and appear at the top.

That is Knock On, which lifts the tops off shelters if they are not of the "continuous box of ductile material" design, and which, like Earth Shock, has produced other freak results in air raids.

I wish I could tell you all that these Back Room Boys are doing in their work *against* the German bombs. But Hitler watches, and listens.

You must accept the little I write as a small sample of the whole.

It is little—but it is great.

An occupant of a Government steel shelter emerges after a bomb has shattered the building adjoining

HOW MISS WADE FEEDS R.A.F. BOYS IN THE U.S.

FIVE thousand miles and more away from home, R.A.F. Cadets are learning to fly with the U.S. Army Air Corps in the sub-tropical States of Alabama, Georgia, Texas and California.

During a recent visit to a number of their aerodromes I was impressed as much by the value of the exchange of ideas between the youth of the two nations, as by the very excellent flying instruction which they were receiving.

A good many misconceptions have gone by the board on both sides.

After all the American "tough guy" films which they had seen at home, the meticulous discipline required by the Army Air Corps both in the air and on the barrack square was a bit of a surprise to our boys.

Strict Accuracy

Flying instructors insist on the strictest accuracy in flying. One of the chief reasons is the enormous number of aircraft operating from the same aerodrome and the consequent danger of collision unless flight discipline is observed.

The first thing that the British boys have to learn is that although we speak a similar language to the Americans, the two peoples do not always mean the same things by what they say.

The cadets spend their first few weeks, therefore, on an acclimatisation course, which consists largely of lectures on American history and terminology.

You might think that boys who come straight from British rationing to a land of plenty would be glad of anything that is set before them. But that is not so. These young men are particular.

Miss Wade, very fair, white-skinned, prim, and petite, the dietician at Gunther Field, told me that her boys wanted roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and although she had never made a Yorkshire pudding in her life, she was determined to try her hand at one.

And these young gentlemen would not eat jam for breakfast. They asked for marmalade; and Miss Wade, bless her heart, bought them marmalade. I told her that she was spoiling them. But she would not agree. "Nothing can be too good for them," she said.

Cadets' Club Room

Cadets at every aerodrome reserve a room at a neighbouring hotel as their club room, and on Saturday nights they hold dances there to which the young women of the neighbourhood are invited.

Both the R.A.F. and the Army Air Corps are benefiting greatly by the interchange of ideas and experience. The U.S. system of instruction, though extremely thorough, is rather different to our own Central Flying School system.

Their aerodromes are huge, and generously equipped with training aircraft; and they get a surprising amount of flying into the comparatively short course.

But they envy the R.A.F. their Operational Training Units, where air crews can be teamed up and trained together for a few weeks before proceeding to their squadrons.

A proportion of the R.A.F. cadets who qualify in U.S. are retained there as instructors, and although all these young men want to go on operations, it is a good thing, and a fair thing, now that the Army Air Corps are short of instructors, that we shall do what we can to repay them for their hospitality, and for the training facilities afforded to us when we were in need of them.

RALPH MICHAELIS.

AFTER HITLER—W

Even though there is still a terrific struggle facing us before victory is achieved, this question is being more and more discussed. Here is a very frank analysis of the problem

By A. G. GARDINER

THE growing confidence of victory, perhaps early victory, is turning all thoughtful minds to the peace that is to follow.

We nearly lost the war at the beginning by wilful blindness to the storm we had seen coming, from the moment that Hitler seized power. We were unprepared.

If we are similarly unprepared for the peace we shall lose that as we lost the last.

Why did we lose the last peace?

"Never again" was the universal cry that went up twenty-four years ago. Never again would we allow this thing to happen. And it has happened again—is happening now.

Why? If we are not to fail again we must first know the answer to that question.

Two imperious tasks faced the victorious allies in 1919. One was to disarm Germany finally and for ever. The other was to build a new world order based on universal justice, economic stability and collective security.

Neither task was accomplished. We did not disarm Germany effectively, and the League of Nations was crushed like an eggshell by the dictators.

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The causes were many. The main ones were (1) America's desertion of the Peace; (2) the intransigeance of France; (3) the fatal "coupon" election of 1918 that infected the peace with the passion of the war; (4) the failure to give the League of Nations the backing of force; (5) *the lack of an agreed and ironclad policy of peace arrived at by the Allies before victory came.*

Hitler and his foul gang will go —but will that be enough?

THE LESSONS ARE OBVIOUS. THE ALLIES MUST MAKE THEIR BLUEPRINT OF THE PEACE NOW. THE AFFIRMATIONS OF THE ATLANTIC CHARTER MUST BE REDUCED TO PRECISE TERMS.

The United Nations should be solemnly and irrevocably committed to see the peace through on those terms. There should be no immediate election to poison the atmosphere.

The peace should be effected in two stages. There should be a provisional peace to cover the period in which the salvaging of the wreck that Hitler has made of the world can be accomplished.

Whole nations will be starving, homeless, shattered. There must be an interval in which the relief of the immediate agonies of mankind will need all hands to the pump. An interval, too, in which the mind of the world can grow sane and calm after this gigantic convulsion.

Then, with tempers cool, the momentous task of building a new world on the ruins of the old can be undertaken by the Peace Conference.

That task will have two main aspects. First, retributive; second, constructive. If this horror is never to afflict the earth again the evil spirit of Germany must be destroyed finally and inexorably.

And let us be clear in our minds what we mean by Germany. It is not merely Hitler and his fellow-gangsters with whom we are at war.

It is not enough to cut out the cancer of Hitlerism from the soul of Germany and then assume that all will be well. Hitler is only the final and monstrous expression of the disease inherent in Germany.

More than a hundred years ago, long before the German empire was consolidated and before Bismarck was heard of, Heine wrote his astonishing forecast of what the Germans' "brutal lust of battle" had in store for the future.

Then the old stone gods would rise and Thor would bring down "his gigantic hammer" on Christendom.

"Do not doubt it," he said. "The hour will come." We have lived to see it come in a crescendo of wars culminating in the unspeakable agonies of to-day.

Let there be no mistake. There is an evil genius in the mentality of Germany that is the enemy of mankind. For seventy years it has kept Europe in a ferment.

To-day it aims at the conquest of the world, the enslavement of its peoples, and the eclipse of everything we understand by civilisation.

It is not Hitler only, but this evil genius with which we are at war. It is this evil genius that we have to subdue if civilisation is not to perish and the world is not to become

"*. . . a wilderness indeed,*
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

It is not a simple question of retribution. Retribution there must be for the monstrous authors of this avalanche of crime.

But retribution will not enable us to say "Never again." Nothing will give us that assurance except the mobilised power of the civilised world to keep that evil genius from breaking loose again.

THE FIRST AND IMPERATIVE TASK OF THE PEACE IS TO GIVE THAT ASSURANCE. IT MUST PROVIDE FOR SUCH AN OCCUPATION OF GERMANY AS WILL PREVENT FOR EVER THE HATCHING OF A CONSPIRACY LIKE THAT WHICH HAS NOW WRECKED THE WORLD.

"For ever." If this meant holding down a nation of eighty million people by force for all time we should be faced with an impossible nightmare. The mind reels at such a prospect. It could not be done.

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But it does not mean that. For the constructive task of the Peace, if firmly executed, will banish the grim nightmare of perpetual force. That task is to create a World Order in which the evil genius of Germany will perish and of which a penitent, punished and civilised Germany will form a part.

That Order will aim at the pacific federation of the world on the basis of President Roosevelt's "four freedoms" and the Atlantic Charter's affirmations.

It will be an Order in which justice and not force will be the arbiter of human affairs. It will secure the internal liberties of nations and the personal liberties of men.

It will substitute the universal reign of law for the brutal arbitrament of war.

It will eliminate the privileges and grievances of the "haves" and the "have nots." Equal access to the resources of the earth will be the right of all who accept the Order.

The only war permitted will be that waged against the common enemies of man-

These Men are Hu

JOCK had never been punched from the earth by a catapult apparatus before.

He could perform as neat a daisy cutter as you could wish for, in the most obstinate plane, but this was something new.

He glanced across at the catapult again. A giant skeleton of iron and steel lying across the aerodrome.

It was one of the best answers to the long-range bomber attacking our merchant ships. It enabled a plane to be launched from a very limited deck space to tackle the bomber. . . .

★ ★ ★

They were fitting the grapples of the crane to his Swordfish now.

A gentle tug, and then he and the plane were lifted clear of the ground. Gracefully they swung him across to the catapult. Then he was hovering above it, waiting to be lowered into position.

Ten seconds later the Swordfish settled on to four legs projecting upwards from the catapult.

He glanced around. . . .

Down below, the Directing Officer stood ready with his flags.

The armourer was about to insert the charge of cordite which fired the catapult.

Everything was set.

Jock tapped his teeth and grinned. He had been preparing for this moment during
He had learnt a
catapult take-off.
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WHAT?

kind—poverty, disease, insecurity, and all the obstacles to the enjoyment of the good life by all the sons of men.

Under the Order, the nations will be organised for co-operation and not for conflict. They will be armed, not for war, but against war.

For a period the United Nations will police the world. When the new Order is firmly established, and the world is consolidated in a revised League of Nations, that body will be armed with the sole power of preserving peace and quenching the first flames of national belligerence anywhere.

This is the New Order that the Peace must implement. If it is suggested that it is an impossible dream, the answer is that it is the only alternative to the Old Order that has brought civilisation to the brink of extinction.

Into this Order, a defeated and humbled Germany, purged of its evil genius, and punished for its crimes, will find its place. There will be no other place for it in the new world that is coming to birth.

For long it will not be a pleasant thing to be a German on this earth.

BUT IF PEACE, REAL PEACE, IS EVER TO BE RESTORED TO A STRICKEN WORLD, IT MUST BE A PEACE THAT INCLUDES OUR ENEMIES.

"Learn or perish," was Lord Grey's warning to mankind after the last war. The world did not heed the warning. It did not learn, and it still may perish.

If it is to be saved, it is not enough to crush the evil spirit of Germany. We must build a world structure that will make the resurgence of that spirit for ever impossible.

And we must be ready to act the instant the war is won.

e Human Rockets!

e past few weeks. the tricks of the He had talked to taken the punch "Oh—just *wack!*" they told him.

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of air. For a unutterably help- inded. The cata- m from a stand- les an hour. shot down the s had collapsed then. . . . His controls. . . . A the Swordfish climbed steadily. Good for the old Stringbag!

Jock's first attempt had come off quite successfully.

I have visited the aerodrome where they train our catapult pilots. I have watched several "Jocks" at work.

They volunteer for catapult flying. Once they have mastered the art they may get posted to a catapult ship plying far and wide on the seven seas. They are there to protect our merchant ships against bombers.

At any moment they may be hurled from the deck by catapult to tackle the enemy.

Afterwards there are two alternatives: Make for the nearest land or bring the plane down in the sea as near their own ship as possible.

★ ★ ★

It is decidedly hazardous work. It calls for a very special brand of courage.

They have been training pilots for some time now. Every successful one at this particular school gets his name written on the "passed" side of the catapult apparatus.

Already the catapult pilots have performed some remarkable feats which cannot yet be told.

We shall hear more of them in the near future.

VINCENT BROME.

"YESTERDAY a number of evacuees arrived at the station. They are speaking of nights of horror. One describes the raging fires; others tell about the H.E.s which dropped all around them. Some of them carry small suitcases with all their belongings; others have only little bundles with everything they were able to save."

The scene is familiar to the people of London, Plymouth or Coventry. They have experienced all this after Nazi raids on Britain.

Yet the report from which I quote is from the "Hamburger Zeitung," a German daily, describing the aftermath of the great R.A.F. attacks on the Heinkel Works in the German Baltic town of Rostock.

The boot is on the other leg now! The Germans are getting a dose of their own medicine!

Lubeck felt the full force of our new bombing offensive

When the R.A.F. is Over Germany

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

Complete Picture

What happens when the R.A.F. is over Germany?

Enough reports, official and unofficial, British, German and neutral, are now available to give a complete picture of the effect of a British blitz on Germany.

When the German siren sounds—it has a short, rather whistling note—the searchlights jump across the sky in many colours. The flak (as the Germans call the A.A. guns) go into action.

As the first British bombs fall the Nazi Police take over. The "Schupo"—Protective Police—appear on the scene, armed with rifles. Britain's "Target for Tonight" in Germany is virtually under martial law. The police watch the German people as much as the fires that are soon breaking out.

Regularly they receive instructions from the notorious Nazi Police General Daluege on how to behave during air raids. There is apprehension in Nazi Government circles lest the German people should fear British bombs more than they fear the Gestapo.

The police have to see that under the strain of bombardment Germans should not talk too much, should not take liberties which the Nazis have denied them for years.

That is why the whole German fire-fighting organisation is also in the hands of the police. Himmler has created the "Feuerschutz-Polizei"—the protective fire police—in which armed men drive fire engines and policemen fight fires with a rifle slung across their shoulders.

Unpleasant Shock

But the Nazi civil defence organisation is only now coming into being. Goering's boasts that no British aircraft would reach Germany had lulled many people into safety. Local authorities, short of man-power, were reluctant to maintain a large civil defence army.

Now they have to pay the price for their neglect. The Feuerschutz-Polizei had to call on the help of children, of boys of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen, who in Britain would be evacuated from threatened areas.

The Hitler Youth has organised these children into fire-fighting units. They are driving fire-engines; they are sent into the inferno of blazing factories: "The Hitler Youth," writes the German Press admiringly, "has helped the Feuerschutz-Polizei in many ways."

Just as German children are forced to work in factories, just as they are sent to agricultural areas in the immediate vicinity of fighting, so they must now face air bombardment!

But the Feuerschutz-Polizei has other jobs. "Regiments of fire-policemen" have been created to cordon off bombed districts, mount guards on railways and roads. Read what happened a week after the R.A.F. attack on Rostock:—

"Trains are running only as far as Buetzow," said an official Nazi announcement. Buetzow is three miles from Rostock!

"Rostock has been completely cut off. The roads are closed. It is no use trying to travel to Rostock. Strangers in town would only impede necessary work. Nobody is allowed to enter the town except on official business!"

The Real Reason

Now, who would try to go to blitzed Rostock? Comments on the official announcements and reports from neutral countries explain what is behind the stringent Nazi police order.

It is designed not so much to prevent people entering a heavily bombed German town as to stop the workers leaving it en masse!

Every British blitz is followed by a mass exodus of German industrial workers. They seem to be taking Mr. Churchill's advice to "watch the home fires burning from a distance"!

The German workers are trying to run away from British bombs. In the official Nazi language, they are simply "deserting the Labour Front." And they never come back again.

To stop the workers deserting the Labour Front, Himmler and his fellow-gangster Daluege have mobilised the Police Regiments. They give the answer to the question how British bombing affects German morale.

German reports, of course, never mention damage done to industrial targets. But they describe the hurried evacuation of thousands of citizens from bombed areas. And these evacuations impose a terrific strain on the weakened and overburdened Nazi transport system.

Even Nazi reporters are forced to admit how difficult it is to get away from blitzed towns. The trains have usually "gone before the evacuees arrive." They are overcrowded. Or there are no trains at all.

You can imagine the mood in which the evacuees criticise the Nazi organisation. Though Nazi women voluntarily work night after night to secure accommodation for the evacuees, they are none too successful. No wonder German papers speak of "tears in the eyes of evacuees," of "people who want to go far away," of "terrific strain after many nights without sleep."

In Germany, facing an acute industrial crisis owing to labour shortage, this is serious. The sleepless nights of thousands of his grumbling people will cause Hitler sleepless nights.

Girls of seventeen and eighteen are being trained as fire-fighters. They wear wide overalls and deep steel helmets. They are being issued with the German equivalent of stirrup pumps. But if they want a gas mask, they must buy it for 5 marks—approximately eight shillings.

More and more of the German flak soldiers who man the A.A. guns in German industrial districts are reported to have been "killed in action." Some have been brought back from flak regiments at the front to defend German industry against the R.A.F. Their big guns are favourite targets of British bombers.

Shattering Blow

Aerial photographs show how heavy is the damage done to German industry by British bombs. German reports are now producing equally conclusive evidence of the R.A.F.'s shattering blows to German morale.

I have read these reports carefully and compared them with British newspaper comments during the blitz.

There was dogged determination here, a rallying of unflinching, fearless will to resist and to hit back.

There is bewilderment, confusion, powerless rage, violent outbursts of temper, quarrels amongst each other, fear of further raids and veiled reproach against the authorities in Germany.

It seems as if those are right who have always said that, no matter what their striking power, Germans can't take it!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

VEGETABLE MARKETING IN HOPELESS CHAOS

LORD WOOLTON is believed to have in mind the control of the entire vegetable trade by the autumn.

Some such step is essential, for an abundant supply of cheap vegetables, important at all times, is imperative to a country living on a war diet.

But why next autumn? Why not now?

Doesn't the Food Minister know that in the last ten days, with the vegetable markets of the country glutted, outrageous prices have ruled?

Study the prices you should have paid in that period—followed by the prices many people have been compelled to pay or go without.

Rhubarb, 3½d. lb. Many shops have demanded 5d. and more. Ordinary greens 2d. lb., half and sometimes a third the price asked.

Cauliflower-type broccoli, 8d. each for the size very commonly commanding 1s. and 1s. 3d.

Lettuces, 4½d., and not the 9d. more often asked.

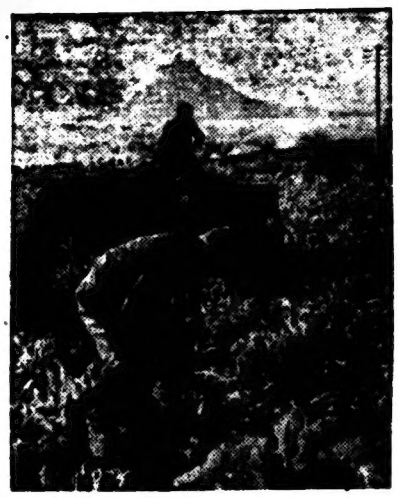
Carrots, 2d. lb. Some people have been charged 4d. And watercress 2½d. a bundle (or 10d. lb.), as against 4d. a bundle and more.

No Excuses

Don't listen to any excuses from anybody.

The prices I give as the prices you should have paid throughout the ten days of glut are the very highest justifiable.

With a proper scheme of distribution, they should give the retailer a sound profit and deal generously with wholesalers.



Green vegetables are growing in profusion — and they must reach the public at reasonable prices

Now why are housewives being made to pay as much as three, four and five times the pre-war price for essential greenstuffs?

If it were due to widespread profiteering and nothing else, the solution would be easy.

But it isn't. The real reason is that the whole trade is in a state of chaos, and will be until the Food Ministry straightens it out with a strong hand.

To-day, loads of vegetables are being carried from districts 200 miles and more away to London—there to be sold at whatever prices wholesalers care to pay for them, refused altogether, or allowed to rot.

Vast quantities arrive when London wants little.

None arrives when London wants a lot.

And often country districts go short while their local produce lies unwanted in distant markets.

There is one solution. The Ministry must do with vegetables what is done with fish and meat—divide the country into areas and enable growers to find ready markets within their own districts.

Standing in the way are experts of the fruit and vegetable trade whom the Ministry of Food engaged. They can't be made to think along new lines.

They insist on produce being sent to the big controlling markets.

In those markets are salesmen who used to concentrate on imported fruit when fruit entered the country; men who, to-day, have to make their money out of vegetables.

It's Their Living

Too many of them have to earn their livings out of vegetables.

The vegetables may pass out of their hands to retailers faced with the same problem of earning a living from five or six different kinds of produce where there used to be fifty.

These problems don't concern the housewife—but she pays because nobody has solved them.

The Food Minister must devise some means of levelling out distribution, cutting out transport costs and controlling profit margins.

He should give us distribution by areas, with food officials and War Agricultural Committees co-operating to give a fair profit to traders but keeping prices down by cutting out waste.

Profit margins *must* be fixed. Retailers who expect 200 per cent. gross profit—and many do—should be driven out of business.

Some can prove to you that they *must* ask outrageous prices or close. Very well, they must go out of business as inefficient. There is other work for them in war time.

We can't permit rapacious or inefficient traders to succeed where Hitler fails—in starving us out.

And control must come *NOW*, not next autumn.

This Offer is Too Fruity!

DON'T count your chickens before they're hatched.

For that is what Frank J. White, of "Vancouver," Bilsington, near Ashford, Kent, would have you do.

* * *

He is sending out circulars offering 20 lb. lots of orange pippins at 28s. and other kinds at 18s., 12 lb. lots of Victoria plums at 11s., damsons at 9s., loganberries and two kinds of plums at 8s., and 12 lb. lots of rhubarb without leaf at 5s

And all carriage paid.

But—and here is an important point—you must send cash with order. He wants to see the money before he sees the fruit.

Why this strange method of doing business?

Because, says Frank J. White in his circular, there might be a possibility of fruit rationing, and "cash with order would enable me to regard the purchase as a transaction completed before restrictions, if any, are completed."

So there's the bait. "Send me money now and we'll be able to diddle Lord Woolton."

I sent a representative to "Vancouver."

It is a modest bungalow—so modest that it looks home-made.

The occupant opened the door. He said that Mr. Frank White didn't live there, but called from time to time for letters.

Asked if White had any office, warehouse or business premises of any kind, he answered: "No, but he is in touch with local people from whom he can get excellent fruit."

* * *

Hearing of my representative's call, White wrote to this office.

He asked that the genuineness of his scheme should be judged on results. I will quote one sentence: "If the orders are NOT fulfilled, then will be the time to criticise."

He said also: "I feel no useful purpose can be served by an interview now."

Frank J. White wants you to send him your money for as yet ungrown fruit so that you can do Lord Woolton one in the eye.

I very much advise you to leave Lord Woolton's eye alone.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. Elliott, Queen's Road, Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Send me details of any matter needing inquiry or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

KEEP YOUR MONEY

J. VERITY AND CO., LTD., of Charles II Street, London, S.W., is interested in a project that is claimed can drive a car without petrol or other fuel.

The device may be all that is said of it. What concerns me is the unorthodox manner in which Verity and Co. is seeking money.

After stating definitely that *all* the cash required has been over-subscribed, it offers lucky clients "participation to the extent of £10."

This money will not go into the company shortly to be formed, but is a loan to Verity and Co., returnable in due course, plus ten free shares in that company.

Clients are assured there is no chance of their losing. If a success, the results will be "almost beyond calculation"; if not, and the shares are worthless, "this will not affect the repayment of the loan."

Until more is known about the *workable* and *commercial* possibilities of the patent when in action, I shouldn't advise anyone to be optimistic enough to part with £10—either as a loan or anything else.

Why We Are Ready For Poison Gas

IT was not long before the war that an elderly, serious-looking German arrived at Liverpool Street Station in London. Carrying two small suit-cases, he looked bewildered.

On his way to a cheap boarding-house he reflected on his hurried journey from Germany after Nazi police had handed him his passport and ordered him to leave the country of his birth within twenty-four hours.

Only a short while before he had worked in a famous German university laboratory where he once conducted his own researches, but where he was reduced to the rank of an assistant when Hitler came to power and a Nazi professor took over.

They treated him well enough. They knew that he alone had the secret of great formulæ, the result of a lifetime's study into the mysteries of poison gas.

A scientist, devoted to his work, little interested in politics, he carried on, hardly aware of the visits of high-ranking *Wehrmacht* officers to his laboratory, taking little notice of the intense interest which they took in his work, of the voluminous information with which his Nazi colleagues supplied the military.

In the Know

When his colleagues seemed sure he had told them everything he knew he was prevented from entering his laboratory and deprived of his German nationality and expelled.

Friends helped him to make a new home for himself in Britain.

He soon found a job in a British laboratory. It was not long before he was joined by other German chemists with years of experience of German poison gas research, men who knew all the secrets of German preparation for chemical war.

They worked here harder than they had ever worked before.

And, in gratitude for the asylum they had been offered, they helped British scientists to prepare for the worst eventuality—against the possibility that a desperate Nazi gang on the verge of defeat would attempt to poison their enemies.

The work of the German-Jewish scientists has helped British chemists to develop a knowledge of poison gas which was already profound. It has speeded up the completion of plans for defence against the worst that Hitler can do.

Protection

That is what these men were chiefly concerned about. They wanted first to make sure that Hitler's gas bombs can be rendered harmless, that the British people, enemies of their tormentor, can be adequately protected.

Like Mr. Churchill, they are hoping that Hitler's provocation will never force the civilised nations to resort to the hideous methods of chemical warfare.

But they know that Mr. Churchill's warning was based on solid information about Hitler's intention. And they were as anxious as their British colleagues to enable Britain to strike back hard if forced to.

To-day they are proud that their work was successful. They know how well Britain is prepared to meet attack and to implement Mr. Churchill's warning that retribution will follow swiftly.

That little old Jewish chemist and his colleagues (some of whom have, in the meantime, acquired British nationality) are no longer powerless, unfortunate victims of Hitler.

Proudly they stand side by side with their British friends.

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY . . . . By ANTHONY GREY

Mr. Ogden's Odds and Ends

"Excuse me," he said, pointing to the buttonhole attachment, "but would you care to sell me that?"

UNTIL last Wednesday week, George Barnes, Gent's Hairdressing, would have liked nothing better than to leave whatever he was doing and take the murderer's hat and stick down from their hooks and show them to you.

"Yes," he would say, "they're the real thing. He was in here not ten minutes *before*. I'd just cut his hair. And out he dashed and left his hat and stick behind. Oh, yes, I knew him well; knew him for years."

And then George would tell you the story.

The time to collect antiques, Mr. Ogden always said, was before they were antiques. What the local people said was that Mr. Ogden was potty.

He'd certainly got a remarkable collection, tucked away in an old box on the middle landing.

"They didn't seem much when I first got them," he'd often say, "but you can't buy some of them for any amount of money now."

And he'd fish out a penny monkey-up-the-stick, such as was quite common thirty years ago, but which you never see at all to-day.

And then a shuttlecock and a battledore. And then an old batswing gas-burner. And a ticket on the non-stop railway at Wembley.

And (a special treasure) one of those brass cigar-cutters with little holes and a sliding top which you used to see on every tobacconist's counter.

"Some day these will be worth money," Mr. Ogden would say. "Simply because nowhere else will you be able to get them."

And he'd poke about again and bring to light an amber glass door knob. Or even a large metal sign with the inscription: TRAMS STOP HERE BY REQUEST.

Hundreds of things like that.

"Potty!" his neighbours used to say.

But Mr. Ogden only smiled. And went on collecting his treasures and storing them in the old box on the middle landing.

ONE day about nine years ago, Mr. Ogden wanted a haircut, so he went down the road to George Barnes, Gent's Hairdressing, and said good morning and hung up his hat and walking-stick on two of the hooks and sat down in one of George Barnes' chairs.

"Nice day," said George, who at that time never talked anything but weather.

And for a while Mr. Ogden agreed that it was a nice day, but that a change was coming and badly needed. But presently his attention wandered, and his eyes began to search the reflections of shelves in front of him for possible treasures.

However, it wasn't until right at the end of the operation, when George was running the towel round inside his collar, that Mr. Ogden's eyes opened wide.

The man in the next chair had been finished about ten seconds before and was now standing up, putting on his hat and fumbling in his pocket for the money. And as he turned, his reflection in the mirror disclosed to Mr. Ogden that he wore a rose for a buttonhole and that this rose was resting in one of those old-fashioned little metal vases, a few inches long, which used to fit into the buttonhole years ago.

"Ah!" thought Mr. Ogden. "Now I haven't got one of those! I haven't *seen* one for years."

By the time Mr. Ogden had thought as far as that the other man was out of the shop. And Mr. Ogden, to George Barnes' surprise, suddenly threw the towel aside and darted out after the other man, without paying, and leaving his hat and stick on their hooks.

Mr. Ogden overtook the other man just outside the Tube station and touched him on the elbow.

"Excuse me," he said, pointing to the buttonhole attachment, "but would you care to sell me that?"

"Certainly not!" replied the other man, who had never heard such a stupid question in his life.

"I'll pay you what you gave for it. I'll pay you more," said Mr. Ogden.

The other man came to the conclusion that he had a mild kind of lunatic to deal with. Sane men, he thought, don't accost complete strangers in the street and try to buy their buttonhole fittings.

"Don't be silly," he said. "And I'm in a hurry."

And into the Tube he went and bought a ticket.

But into the Tube Mr. Ogden went, too, and *he* bought a ticket and kept up the argument.

The other man was really annoyed.

"Go away!" he said.

And since there wasn't a lift up he left Mr. Ogden and turned down the staircase.

But by this time Mr. Ogden had made up his mind to have that buttonhole attachment if it could be got by argument or money.

He couldn't quite see his collection without it any longer. So he followed the other man down the staircase and still kept up the argument.

Half-way down, the other man, red in the face, stopped and turned on Mr. Ogden.

"Get out of my sight!" he roared.

Mr. Ogden saw that now there was only one thing for it. He snatched at the buttonhole and got it, attachment, rose and all. And the other man snatched back and shouted, and Mr. Ogden pushed. And over went the other man and down half a dozen steps and came up crash against the wall with the back of his head.

AND at that moment Mr. Ogden heard somebody coming up the staircase and—in response to the other man's shout—somebody coming down the staircase.

"Oh dear!" he gasped.

He bent over the other man and discovered to his horror that he wasn't breathing. Then he took to his heels and ran upstairs.

It would have been easier to run downstairs but he didn't want to be trapped in the Tube.

Behind him he heard a surprised voice exclaim:

"Here! Look at this! A dead man!"

And, panting, Mr. Ogden tore on his way.

Three turns down from the top he met the ticket collector.

"What's all this?" said the ticket collector.

"Nothing," said Mr. Ogden, trying to push his way past.

"Half a minute," said the ticket collector. "There was somebody shouting."

He barred the way.

Mr. Ogden for the first time in his life saw red. He could hear the people behind hurrying up. There was no time to waste.

He had never before been involved in a fight, and he wasn't too sure how you set about it. But he tried to put every ounce he had into a blow with his right fist, and it came off.

The ticket collector went over, clutched at nothing, bounced down a whole turning of steps and came up crash against the wall with the back of his head.

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Mr. Ogden. "Two of them!"

And up he went and across the booking-hall more like a hare than he had ever been. And right into the arms of a policeman who was standing outside the Tube yawning.

"Just a minute," said the policeman.

But to his astonishment Mr. Ogden began to *fight*.

"Oh!" said the policeman. "All right."

But it wasn't all right. It had been too sudden to be all right.

Mr. Ogden broke loose and sped across the street and round the corner. And after him went the policeman, to find, when *he* turned the corner, not a glimpse of Mr. Ogden.

MR. OGDEN had darted into a conveniently open door and closed the door behind him and was now, with a chair held high above his head, threatening a bewildered householder with sudden death if he made a sound.

But somehow the bewildered householder managed to make a sound, and the policeman heard and came in, and the chair came down. And it was a good ten minutes before Mr. Ogden could be forced into a taxi and taken away.

In the taxi he tried to think it out. Two dead men and a battered policeman to his credit. And he had come out that morning for a haircut. . . .

The trial didn't take long.

Public opinion with regard to Mr. Ogden, when the full story came out, was what it always had been: potty.

And whatever had been the state of his mind when he followed the other man into the Tube on that fateful morning, nobody had any doubt as to what it was now. So that they did not hang Mr. Ogden. They put him away.

He is still put away, nine years afterwards. And he will stay put away for the rest of his life. Being a bachelor with no relations so far as could be traced, his worldly goods went towards the costs of his defence. And they didn't go far.

The old box on the middle landing (with all that was in it) went for half a crown. And the man who had got it threw all that was in it on the fire.

"Lot of damned odds and ends!" he said.

Nine years. . . . And all that time George Barnes, Gent's Hairdressing, has been taking down the murderer's hat and stick and showing them round to anybody who wanted to see them and hear the tale.

Until last Wednesday week.

Then somebody said: "What you ought to do, George, is raffle them for the war effort."

Which George did.

And now Mr. Brown, of Croydon, is the better off by one (genuine) murderer's hat and walking-stick.

And the Red Cross is the better off by £23.

Human Nature

THESE REMAIN

What really makes life worth living? Most people must have asked themselves that question at some time or other.

Few people have probably realised how simple the answer is.

What makes life worth living for the vast majority of us is not secret ambition, not big questions of success or failure, not resounding achievements, not fame or glory or notoriety.

What makes life worth living for most of us is just human relations.

Does it sound too simple?

Well, think it out.

It doesn't matter a great deal what you know, what you do, what your job is or what your surroundings may be. They're the incidentals.

What matters most is the people we meet, the folks we talk to, the other human beings with whom we are in constant emotional touch.

It is our behaviour in relation to others that counts.

It is our ability to "get on" with others that matters.

In other words, it is the interrelation of the little things and the simple ordinary people that form the real basis of life.

Whatever else comes or goes, human relationships remain. They make up life.

Very largely they *are* life.

The measure of our happiness is the measure of our ability to handle them wisely.

★ ***"The bank recently threw out sixteen one-pound notes, a woman left her husband's gold watch in a discarded waistcoat, and another put out the family's ration books and identity cards."***

So says Salvage Collector A. Cruse, 335, Alveston, near Sherborne, who adds: "And my latest find is a foot-long LIVE anti-aircraft shell!"

Well, it all shows willing. But it all shows that people need guidance, and a little fatherly watchfulness. You could give them that guidance by becoming Street Salvage Steward for your street. And at the same time you can help to win for your local hospitals a share of the £10,000 in prizes offered in the national Salvage Competition.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

I have had many unhappy hours thinking about what I did

NOW THEY'RE REPENTING AT LEISURE

By HUMANIST

MANY problems are created through not looking far enough ahead. A temporary solution often leads to further troubles which ought to have been foreseen. Here are three examples of what I mean. The first is from a mother.

Ten years ago, *she writes*, my youngest boy left school to work in a grocery shop where the manager was very lax. One night I found a 10s. note in the boy's pocket. I was distracted with worry and imagined all sorts of horrors in the future.

I made up my mind to put things right. I slipped the note into an envelope and sent it to the manager, saying it had been found in the pocket of one of his assistants, and reminding him that opportunity makes the thief.

I told my son what I had done, and I am glad to say it cured him. It also had the effect of making the manager more strict in supervising the shop.

But I have had many unhappy hours thinking about what I did. It did not occur to me at the time that by my action I threw suspicion on all the other assistants.

The mother acted on impulse without stopping to think about the consequences. If she had looked ahead she would have realised that she was branding the other assistants, and the only way to avert that was to name the culprit.

But these things happened years ago and are probably forgotten.

I fancy, too, that the manager would have had a shrewd idea as to who sent the note.

The subject should be dismissed forthwith.

NEXT comes a letter from a widower.

I married nearly 20 years ago, *he says*, and although my wife was a good woman we were entirely unsuited and eventually separated. But nine years ago I grew very friendly with a young girl and should like to have married her, but my wife would not consent to a divorce.

Then two years ago my wife died, and my girl friend and I decided to wait a year or so out of respect for my wife's people. She has always been a grand little "pal," but lately she has been getting indifferent towards me and says some bitter things.

She tells me I am putting other people's feelings before hers. She thinks twelve months was quite long enough to wait after I had had nine of the best years of her life.

I don't want to lose her love, Humanist, for she is such a dear, loyal and faithful friend. Have I done wrong by studying convention too much?

I think this man's excuses about convention and studying his wife's people are too feeble to stand up.

Does he really want to marry this girl? Or does he want to carry on the old relations with her without facing the responsibilities of married life?

It is grossly unfair to her.

Did he worry about convention and about the feelings of his wife's people while he was carrying on this friendship with a single girl? Nonsense! If he had only looked farther ahead the problem would not have arisen.

I advise him to do the honourable thing.

I LOVE a young man, *writes a girl of 20*, but I am going to marry his brother. I love the elder one and went out with him for three years, but he finished with me on account of some gossip which was quite untrue.

So I started going out with the younger brother, and we have been together for two years. But it is a fact, Humanist, that I have been doing this to spite the elder brother and in the hope of winning him back.

Shall I tell the truth and refuse to marry? Or shall I marry and hope for the best?

This girl did not look far ahead, did she?

It is a pity that the elder man broke off the engagement without trying to find out what truth there was in the gossip, but after two years of silence he is not likely to alter now.

She ought at least to be honest with the man she is engaged to. If she does not tell him before marriage it will be fatal to tell him afterwards.

I have had letters from men who married the sister of the girl they really loved. It invariably ended in misery.

They would have been wiser to marry a girl from the next county!

WILLING HORSES

THERE'S so many Willing Horses
anxiously bearing Life's strain,
helping wherever they can
with no thought of self-glory or
gain. Giving a hand where it's
needed, though they've small enough
strength to spend, and we find them
in every walk of life, the folk who
give to the end.

AND in War it's the Willing Horses
that get us out of a hole; they
take off their coats to Reality and
go to it body and soul. There's
never a job too humble, nor a call
that is too remote, and when volun-
teers are needed they're always the
first to vote.

AND it's always the Willing Horses
that give up the things that
count, while they toil at a disad-
vantage and innumerable odds sur-
mount. But things are going to be
different, for this is EVERYONE'S
WAR, and all the deeds of the
Willing Horses are chalked on the
Final Score.

SO take heart, all you Willing
Horses: you're not going to be
brushed aside when the World is
lined up on the Shores of Peace to
meet rolling Victory's Tide. You're
all going to take your places in the
Great New Federacy, in which the
People will stand for Justice and
give Privilege no Precedency. J. M.

H.G.s Ready for A

★ Unsung heroes of the bombing raids number thousands, and prominent among them are Britain's Home Guards. Some of their deeds of valour are spotlighted in this final article of the series

By MARK PRIESTLEY

WHEN the full history of the H.G. comes to be written, it will be nothing if not varied.

"We've done everything, from soup to nuts!" one H.G. told me—and by "soup" perhaps he meant the little episode on the Great North Road, when a lorry laden with nitro-glycerine caught fire, and the local H.G.s doused the flames!

Down in Dorset a farmer began to fight a burning hayrick off his own bat, but he couldn't do without the Home Guard.

Two ricks had been fired by incendiaries. Before the farmer had finished with one, the ground had caught from the other—and the farmer was ringed with flame.

He tried to break through the cordon, and in a second his clothes were ablaze.

It was Volunteer Beer, of the Shaftesbury Company, who darted through the fire, dragged the farmer to safety, beat out his burning clothing with naked hands. . . .

Then there was the time when Bill Pettit was on duty near a stables when Fritz's fire bombs set the place alight like matchwood.

A Terrible Scene

Fifty horses were quartered there, and the flames spread so rapidly that it seemed the place must inevitably be gutted and the horses destroyed.

Débris was falling from above as timbers and masonry gave way, and soon the stables became difficult to approach.

Pettit got through.

A terrible scene met his eyes.

Amid the flames the horses were in panic, kicking and plunging wildly.

Wall after wall crashed down, and the screams of the frightened beasts mingled with the crackle of flame.

Following his example, other helpers filtered after Pettit, and he began to supervise the rescue of the horses as coolly and methodically as if it were his normal routine of the day.

Débris crashed down on his head.

Bleeding, he picked himself up and carried on.

One of the horses kicked out madly and sent him flying.

In agony he carried on.

Bill Pettit didn't quit till the last lathered horse had been led out.

Even then, as the citation of his B.E.M. affirms, "He reported at his H.Q. *and continued his spell of night duty.*"

Trust the H.G.s!

One of the youngest, seventeen-year-old David Lazarus, was walking through the streets of Whitechapel on his way to report for duty when bombs began falling near.

First in the Debris

The alert had sounded long ago, but David didn't care. Duty was duty.

Then a bomb zumphed down on a block of tenement flats, transforming it to crazy ruins, and David was first in the débris.

Brickwork, crashing in chunks from the upper stories, threatened to brain him. But he could hear people calling. Maybe there'd be a way through from the side.

He began to tear away at the wreckage with his hands.

"Coming!" he called.

Next instant a chunk of masonry nearly knocked him silly.

While he was recovering from the daze, somebody had the brainwave of dropping a torch into the ruins. One of the people buried there switched it on—and Dave could see his way through.

He brought out four before he began "bleeding like a pig." Still not seeking first-aid for himself, he was reaching through for a fifth when a wall crashed down with a roar.

David lay buried beneath a thousand bricks.

It was several days before he came round in hospital. The card at the end of his bed listed multiple injuries—including a broken head.

It was fifteen weeks before they mended his skull. Then he heard he had been awarded the George Medal.

"It upset me a bit!" he told some of his friends.

Always in It

Always, everywhere, the Home Guards have "been in it," and the danger has always been real.

Captain T. H. B. Maufe, a V.C. of the last war, was killed in a trench-mortar explosion with the H.G.

The George Cross was conferred posthumously upon Birmingham's Section Commander George Inwood when he had shown "the highest form of coolcourage and self-sacrifice for others."

In charge of six H.G. volunteers, he was lowered again and again into a gas-filled cellar through a tiny hole pierced in the rubble.

The fumes were acrid, exhausting. Two men's lives were saved, but, not content, Inwood went back for more.

He was at death's door in that cavern of doom—and he knew it.

He was grappling with the other victims when the rope slackened.

They called his name—no answer!

They dragged him out, applied artificial respiration, and doctors and nurses vainly tried everything they knew.

Call these heroes "noble" and they'll

Seventeen-year-old David Lazarus tore bare hands to the r trapped beneath bo

laugh. Recurrent co daring familiar in this

Platoon Commande calmly lay beneath cr hours, filing through s to reach a bunch of b

Patrol Leader Bill To circumstances, carrie blocks of toppling con

Platoon Commande won the George Meda 200 ft. up a gasholder falling around, stemm flame that might attracted every raider

That's how the reco

That's how it will a

SWAF

WILL THE ITALIAN

There will be unless we land there.

There are probably lion Germans holding tered Italians. Naples with German troops. mans in all the Minist

There are thousa agents all over the pe

Yet if we landed, w find that the rank an and tired of war, wo The revolt depends o

WHY HIDE THE A

Another convoy troops has arrived in Yet we hear nothing

They should be pub Their doings should right across the land.

Each American sold ambassador of that go be maintained in th whole world, when p

Once again, the Mi tion has failed in a n

Yet it still wastes ing a weekly guide preachers don't know they should resign.

WHAT'S WRONG THE MINERS?

Suddenly, after the miners, the na more of them.

Probably 40 per ce now working are although. "Too old cry in these days of harassing for all but

for Anything!

Seventeen-year-old Home Guard David Lazarus tore his way with bare hands to the rescue of people trapped beneath bombed wreckage

New recruits to courage join the Home Guard every day.

In the streets, in the fields, more and more, the H.G.s are ready for anything!

They are preparing right now to be bigger and better than before.

In some areas they are even taking up Commando tactics.

Manchester already has a Moorland Patrol of the first Home Guard Commandos in the country.

Fathers and Grandfathers

"I used to think I was soft at 50," as one Home Guard Officer told me. "Me and my boys decided, of our own free will, to take a toughening-up course. Official instructions had not come through when we started."

The boys were fathers and grandfathers of 40 and 60. Their self-imposed training was simple—they fixed their patrols in dead accurate straight line, no matter what the obstacles.

Only empty houses were exempt from the ruling.

When they came to a barn, they climbed over it.

When they reached a river, they swam and waded through.

A bus conductor in the unit, a man of 50, had never learned to swim in his life. So he took swimming lessons.

That is the spirit of the Home Guard of the future.

The L.D.V. of the early days are developing and will soon accept full responsibility of safeguarding Britain.

They will soon need their own Regimental motto, and I would respectfully suggest "Second to None!"

laugh. Recurrent courage has made daring familiar in this day and age.

Platoon Commander Tom Simpson calmly lay beneath crushing débris for hours, filing through steel pipes in order to reach a bunch of blitz victims.

Patrol Leader Bill Tozer, under similar circumstances, carried on beneath blocks of toppling concrete.

Platoon Commander Reuben Haigh won the George Medal when he scaled 200 ft. up a gasholder and, with bombs falling around, stemmed a plume of flame that might otherwise have attracted every raider for miles.

That's how the record goes.

That's how it will always go.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WILL THE ITALIANS REVOLT?

● There will be no revolt in Italy unless we land there.

There are probably a quarter of a million Germans holding down the embittered Italians. Naples and Sicily swarm with German troops. There are Germans in all the Ministries, bossing them.

There are thousands of Gestapo agents all over the peninsula.

Yet if we landed, we should no doubt find that the rank and file, disillusioned and tired of war, would side with us. The revolt depends on Britain.

WHY HIDE THE AMERICANS?

● Another convoy of United States troops has arrived in Northern Ireland. Yet we hear nothing of them.

They should be publicised on the air. Their doings should be made known right across the land.

Each American soldier is a potential ambassador of that goodwill which must be maintained in the interests of the whole world, when peace comes.

Once again, the Ministry of Information has failed in a most vital job.

Yet it still wastes money in circulating a weekly guide to preachers. If preachers don't know what to preach, they should resign.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MINERS?

● Suddenly, after years of neglect of the miners, the nation wants many more of them.

Probably 40 per cent. of the colliers now working are over forty, this although. "Too old at forty!" is the cry in these days of mechanisation too harassing for all but the young. Yes, and nearly a quarter of all the miners working are over fifty!

More and more, young men are refusing to follow their fathers into mines in which there is no guarantee of employment.

"Take the miners back from the Army," advise some.

The Government reply is that the 30,000 young miners now in the Army have made such competent soldiers that while, in numbers, they may mean three divisions, their loss would destroy the efficiency of twelve divisions.

Death is part of the miner's normal lot. So is hardship. He makes the best of all soldiers. He is tough. He is adaptable. He easily wins promotion.

And, having tasted life in the open air, he doesn't want to go back!

He is so useful, indeed, that he is badly needed, both in the Army and in the mines.

Yet—we have left scores of thousands of his kind in semi-starvation for years.

What a grim satire!

WHY FOG THE PUBLIC?

● After taking advertising space in all the national newspapers to answer clothes-rationing queries in advance, the Board of Trade now says: "If you have any other questions, please don't ask the Food Office or the Post Office. Wait for further Board of Trade announcements after June 1."

More than that, we are told that a new edition of the "Clothing Quiz," price 2d., will be ready by the middle of June.

Soon, realising that Government explanations want further explanations, the Board of Trade will be issuing another booklet so that we can understand the Quiz!

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SOMEWHERE in the Libyan desert the Italian soldiers were looking very pleased with themselves.

A truck had brought the unit's pay.

And, so that the men should have something to spend their money on, another truck had brought a mountain of luxuries.

But before the bugler could sound "Roll up for your money!" there was a diversion on the horizon.

Let Private Bill Graham (5466) tell you the sequel in the words addressed to his sister at 6, Shakespeare Road, Shirley, near Birmingham.

They saw *us* coming. We cut the Bardia Road and then bore down on them.

We made short work of the truckload of tinned food and other luxuries—well washed down with brandy, cognac and wine. Then we turned our attention to a mysterious steel box.

In it we found 50,000 lire!

I don't know what armies are supposed to do with their rivals' cash, but after carting the money about for three days the men in charge of it were captured by a German armoured column and are now prisoners of war.

I don't suppose the Germans will hand over the "Iti" cash—but, in any case, they couldn't rob us of that marvellous spread of good food and drink.

A NOISY PROCESS

Getting a squad of Gold Coast natives to instal a telephone for you is a situation likely to lead to fun.

And it did, according to Pilot Officer R. G. King, who writes to his wife at Whaley Bridge, near Stockport:

You have never seen anything like it. They've been at it all day, and little done.

One terrific shindy was the result of their discovery that the different pieces of flex were all a different colour. This after they had knocked huge holes all round my room.

One outburst strained my newly acquired Gold Coast temper, and I demanded: "What for you all make one time big palaver?"

An owlish-looking native pointed to another black, who had apparently just received an electric shock from the wire, and explained: "Wire him bite him! B—— fool, sah!"

ROUTED BY PIGS

Now a Home Service laugh from Aircraftman L. Hodgson, R.A.F. At least his aunt, Mrs. G. Hill, Victory Road, Cadishead, Manchester, tells us that his letter made her laugh:

To save 'bus fare a party of us was footing it back to camp when a lorry driver stopped and invited us to "jump in the back."

We landed among pigs. The lorry, swerving, threw all of us—pigs and men—in a heap. The biggest pig, objecting to our company, started to charge us bowling us over again and again.

I didn't like the grin on the driver's face when he put us down. We reached camp plastered in filth, had a shocking reception from our room-mates, and, despite days of cleansing, still smell abominably.

MALTESE HOLIDAY

'And here's the brighter side of life in the most-bombed island in the world, Malta, as seen by Leading-Aircraftman F. Gray (637584), R.A.F.:

We manage to enjoy ourselves with an occasional picture show and a good meal in a restaurant, which make a welcome break in the routine of life here. But, mostly, we make our own amusements, and find we have almost nothing to grumble about.

This week—my 21st birthday week—I have managed to get seven days' leave in our rest camp. I have only been here two days, and have already seen two picture shows and an E.N.S.A. variety show, not to mention that I have had the best the restaurants can supply. There is a wide variety of other amusements here, including a fine collection of gramophone records.

The sky is going to be the limit this week. I'm going to see Malta as if I were a tourist. I'm living in a palace, anyway, and can't do any better on this tiny island—unless I get the spare bedroom of His Excellency the Governor!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AMONG the people queued up to have addresses altered on ration books, some had been waiting an hour and a half. My books, taken behind screens for this simple job, emerged twenty-five minutes later.—N. C., Psalter Lane, Sheffield. (*Another reader called at Ware (Herts) food office just as it closed for week-end. Staff obligingly reopened, handed altered books back in twenty seconds, then locked up again.*)

★ ★ ★

Millions of lovely walls lie hidden under dozens of layers of dirty wallpaper. Tear the stuff off. Try the magic of a thin coat of nice distemper. Then give the paper to Salvage.—Lilian G. Hempel, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

★ ★ ★

What wanton destruction in tearing iron railings from coping-stones. Yet these old-fashioned iron railings used to be fixed to the stone by filling in with molten lead. Melt the lead again with a plumber's blowlamp, and the rails lift out easily without damage.—Tom Ellis, Bradwell Lane, Porthill, Staffs.

★ ★ ★

This town has an experimental length of road made from rubber blocks. (*Many other towns have.*—EDITOR.) The experiment was never a success. Now that we need rubber so badly, they should be torn up.—Douglas Willis, Bankfield, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield.

★ ★ ★

Since Japan went to war we have lost 90 per cent. of the world's quinine production. Yet that drug, now so urgently required by British troops exposed to malaria, is being used in preparations of little value to the war effort or public health.—Gilbert Macdonald, M.P.S., Forebank Road, Dundee.

British Gold

SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 2½ OZ.

THE LAST LAUGH

N. K. (Tarporley).—"The only piece of kidney in the steak and kidney pudding was so very small that you could have wrapped it up in a bus ticket." And then it would probably have slipped through the hole punched by the conductor.

S. N. (Isleworth).—"In reply to my advertisement for a typist, a very smart young lady called. When I asked her why she had left her last job, she replied that she had been dismissed because she wouldn't let the boss kiss her." So that's why you didn't engage her.

F. H. (Knaresborough).—"I just couldn't sleep another wink after a strong wind got up at daybreak." So you got up, too?

Mrs. T. (Mayfair).—"You can take it from me that I am always very popular in the card-room." Don't you ever win?

E. M. (Whitehaven).—"During the whole of my life I have never been in a place of entertainment. Neither have I ever seen a dog or horse race, played cards or drunk intoxicating liquor." Have you ever risked sucking a few acid drops?

W. I. (Liverpool).—"As a business man, I find I need at least two hours for lunch." Our waiter is like that, too.

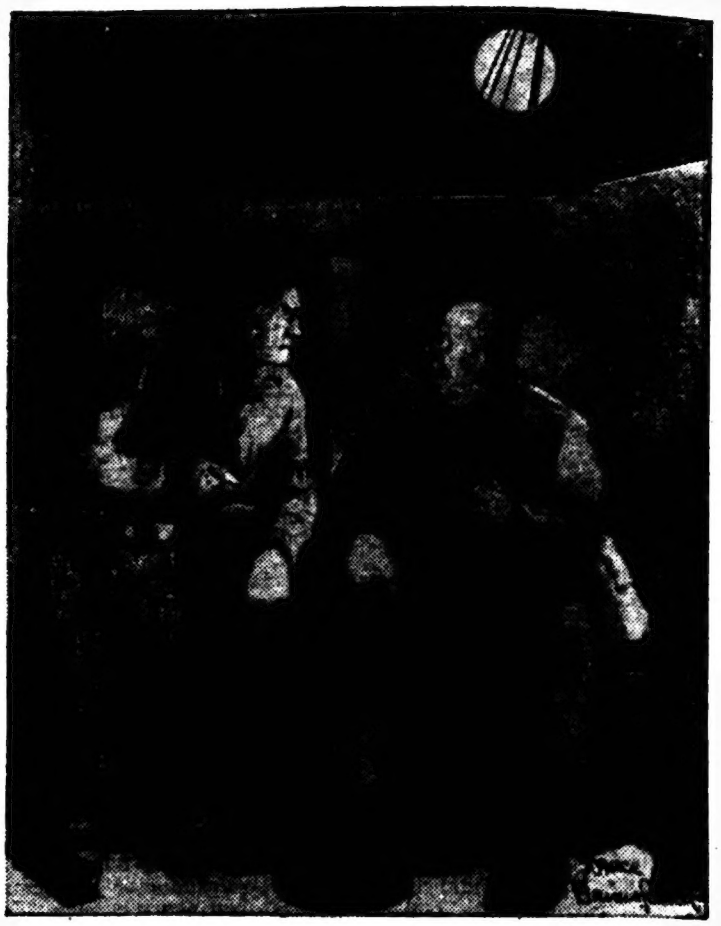
L. D. (Loughborough).—"I have been trying to sell my car, but up to now the best offer I have had is £50. Would you accept it?" Certainly, and thanks very much.

SPINSTER (East Coast).—"Since the last raid I have always slept under my bed at nights." Aren't you afraid of finding a burglar hiding on the top of it?

V. B. (Kennington).—"Many high Army officers now use London buses." One was recently heard asking the conductress where was the box, used tickets, for the disposal of.

C. E. (Salisbury).—"Now that so many travel facilities have been cut, it will be found that many people benefit greatly by hiking." Shoe repairers, for instance.

P. T. (Spennymoor).—"A Nazi broadcaster says that Englishmen are plucked from their firesides and flung into the Army without warning." Apparently, German propagandists have been reading how a Commando visited Occupied France in his carpet slippers.



BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

"Yus, mate. I got a cousin in Dublin, Mrs. Mullagatawny. Got two sons. One in the British Army, the other a Nazi spy. Both doin' very well, I believe."

Side-Slips

ABERDEEN EVENING PRESS:—"Five persons were taken from the village as HOSTESSES."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"The importance of the Congress decision is that the MUSLIN League is waiting for it before it defines its own attitude. . . ."

WEST LOTHIAN COURIER:—"The old building, which is to be repaired, is to be retained as billets for the UNMARRIED couples."

EXPRESS AND STAR (Wolverhampton):—". . . told last night that it was hoped to begin the provision of hot midday SCHOOLS for schoolchildren on May 3."

EVENING GAZETTE:—". . . thereby emphasising Rommel's new rank as army commander, instead of CORPSE commander as hitherto."

Still remembers those times he had as a Middy—despite thirty years' weathering at sea. But now he's learnt to rely on his own judgment and to value what he knows to be tried and true. Kolynos, for instance, is one of the good things in life which experience has taught him to swear by. Don't be adrift with your teeth! Use KOLYNOS—keep them sparkling-white and your mouth refreshed.

White shoes are scarce—keep yours white with

BLANCO

WHITE CLEANER

4½d 9d 7½d

Wannieg Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Bradford, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaner can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead, is give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' actually contains the juices of sun-ripened figs. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. Get some to-day.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● "I have known William Harris for many years: the family is highly respected in this locality," states Mr. Harris's doctor.

After a long illness in hospital, he is soon to be discharged from the Army. But he has nothing to look forward to on discharge, for his wife is in hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown, and is likely to be there for some long time; and his four children have been placed in homes.

Mr. Harris is very anxious to be well enough to start work again and make a home where his little ones can be with him. He is a total abstainer, and worthy in every way to receive a little help to enable him to regain his footing in civil life after his discharge from His Majesty's Forces.

Donations earmarked "Harris," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,323

FIRST PRIZE £50

E. Burton, 7, Woodstock Rd., Strood, Rochester, for this Bullet:

KEY TO VICTORY

MARCH—OUR "ANVIL CHORUS."

£20: Miss H. Aldridge, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.
Dad's Car—Another "Racket" Government's Stopped!

£10: S. Hindle, 40, Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, M/c.
Man From The Backwoods—Helping To Preserve "Oak."

£5: F. Shelley, 7, Dodge Road, Erdington, Birm. *Key To Victory—Hunter? Norwich? York? Kiel!*

£4: Miss D. G. Moss, 774, Holderness Road, Hull. *Dad's Car—Children Running Over, Now!*

£3: Mrs. L. K. Newcombe, The Grove, Billington, Malton, Yorks.
Key To Victory—Superior Air? Air Superiority!

£2: G. J. A. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Key To Success—Often "Hangs On" Hunch.

20s.: Cpl. J. Brandon, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain. *Dad's Car—"Gudgeon"—"Coaster"—"Smash"—"Junk"!*

20s.: W. Swainston, 12, Montrose St., Saltburn-by-Sea. *Key To Victory—Three Services "Pissing Pretty."*

20s.: Gunner R. H. Brass, R.A., Somewhere-in-Britain. *Canteen Piano—Soldier "Thumping"—Recognised, Re-enlistment!*

20s.: R. Davidson, Garrock Bank, Tourb. *Transformation In Britannia's Garden—"Mayflower's Seed" Very Welcome.*

20s.: E. E. Bunkell, "Alder Villa," All Saints Rd., Newmarket.
Man From The Yard—Pinched Village Baby's Theory!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

6 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 275

WINNING WORDS: 1, Stock. 2, Cage. 3, Clank. 4, Hake. 5, Reef. 6, Bend. 7, Dim. 8, Wax. 9, Adder. 10, Brave. 11, Way. 12, Ass. 13, Bogey. 14, Ramp.

£100 SEAMEN: W. Barrett, St. Brides Major, Bridgend, Glam.; J. G. Griffiths, Poplars, Kimble-wick, Aylesbury; A. T. Hoyes, 18, High St., Holsworth, St. Albans; L. Pinney, 103, Harper St., London, S.E.1.; A. Watt, 20, Wolmerdew Road, Lewisham, S.E.13; L. Wilson, 64, Gunton Down, Maxwell, W.J.

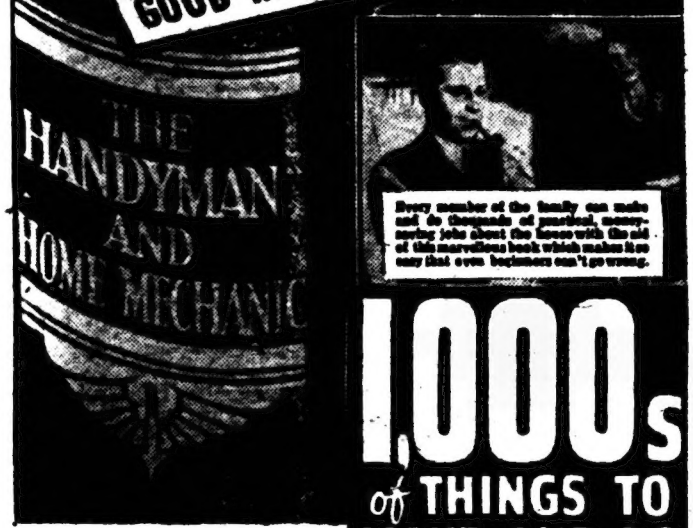
Awards value £20 shared between 21 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT WARTIME BOOK SERVICE!

THE HANDYMAN and HOME MECHANIC

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT BOOK TO HELP ITS READERS TO KEEP THEIR HOMES IN GOOD REPAIR IN WARTIME!



Every member of the family can make and do thousands of practical, money-saving jobs about the house with the aid of this marvellous book which makes it so easy that even beginners can't go wrong.

1,000s of THINGS TO MAKE AND DO

READERS! Here's some real good news—something that is going to take a load of worries off your shoulders! Knowing the difficulties of maintaining a home in good condition in wartime, "JOHN BULL" invites everyone to secure "THE HANDYMAN AND HOME MECHANIC," which tells and shows in practical words and pictures, drawings and how-to-do-it photographs how to do every conceivable household repair, fixture, addition, improvement, YOURSELF!

Think of the tremendous saving in time, trouble AND MONEY! The over 500 pages, 250,000 words and SIX HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS in this book show you, step by step, how to make and do THOUSANDS of useful jobs. It's all so simply and clearly explained that even a beginner can't go wrong!

You would consider this book a bargain at One Guinea, but because of its great importance to-day "JOHN BULL" makes it available at a low Privilege Price you can easily afford. Supplies are limited, and all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. **You send no money now for this book but you must apply at once on the Order-Label below!**

LOOK on the right at just a few of the wonderful things it tells you how to make and do. Because of the shortage of skilled workers to do household repairs you can never tell when it might rest on you to save the situation if an emergency arose.

LOOK!

Below are just a few of the thousands of jobs this book tells you how to do in your home, simply and easily.

Painting — Distempering — Gluing — Varnishing — Enamelling — Papering — Lagging — Home Carpentry — French Polishing — Panelling Rooms — Burning Off Paint — Laying Linoleum — Fitting Carpets — Repairing Furniture — Glass Cutting — Laying Tiles — Curing Smoky Chimneys — Preventing Dry Rot — Wiring a House for Electric Light — Burst Pipes — Fitting Washers — Boiler Troubles — Cleaning Pipes — Tuning and Clearing Drains — Repairing Roofs — Mending Gutters — Laying Crazy Paving — Bricklaying — Care of Brushes — Grounding — Making a Hose Reel — Constructing Garden Furniture — Making a Dark Room — Correcting Wireless Faults — Installing a Home Workshop — Repairing and Adjusting a Car, Motor Cycle and Cycle — Recharging an Accumulator — Mending Blinds and Sashlines — Fixing Heavy Fittings to Your Walls — Making Your Own Workshop Equipment — Keeping Your Lawn Mower in Working Order — Keeping the Kitchen Stove in Order — Mending Kitchen Utensils — Overhauling Sewing Machines, Gramophones, etc.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

With this book you can tackle any job from mending a faulty washer on a tap to doing building repairs. And think what a boon this book will be in the years to come! Now's the time to get this book—before the price goes up!

Size 9 in. by 6½ in. Bound in superb Maroon Bookcloth, embossed in Gold. All you send when you receive your Invoice is only 4s. 9d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order-Label, affix 1d. stamp to space provided for Privilege Invoice and Printed Matter. Post in unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp to:
GEMAIRE PRESS LTD.,
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On receipt of Order-Label you will be sent an Invoice which you return with remittance, and book will be dispatched.

POST FORM AT ONCE!

"HANDYMAN AND HOME MECHANIC."

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.D.L. 30/5/42

The Warmer Weather is Here!

KEEP FEET IN GOOD TRIM

PROPER care of the feet makes a world of difference to your health and enjoyment. So start now, with the help of Zam-Buk, to get your feet in good trim for Summer.

After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, massage them with Zam-Buk Ointment. As the refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed, they quickly relieve all aching, tenderness and tiredness. Pain, swelling and tenderness are removed by Zam-Buk, soreness and blisters are healed, corns are softened and easily removed.

Zam-Buk

BEST FOR FOOT TROUBLES

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for X-WORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 275, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.		3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.						3p	3p	3p
1	DIRTY ONE MAY MAKE IT HARD GOING FOR YOU AS RUNNER	T	R		C	K				
2	APPROACHING THIS MEANS GER/AIR INCREASE IN TEMPERATURE		S		M	M	E	R		
3	THERE ARE HOME GUARDS WHO COULDN'T MAKE ANY USE OF ONE				I	K	E			
4	YOU'VE ALWAYS MORE POWER IF YOU'RE AT THE TOP OF THIS		F		R	M				
5	MAY DRAW ATTENTION TO SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENING				A	P	E	R		
6	SONNY MAY HATE TO BE THIS BY DAD	B	E		T	E	D			
7	CLIMBER'S APING THAT OF SUCCESSFUL MAN IS PROBABLY LAUGHABLE		A		C	E	N	T		
8	SOMETIMES USED FOR MEASURING PASSAGE OF TIME				A	N	D			
9	IT ISN'T EASY TEACHING YOUNG PUPPY TO	B	A		K					
10	OUGHT TO BE GIVEN PROMPT TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY IT APPEARS				E	L	O	N		
11	THERE ARE PEOPLE ACCUSTOMED TO LIVING ON THESE		A		T	S				
12	WILD WAVES SOMETIMES PROVIDE STRONG SWIMMERS WITH GOOD THIS	B	A		H	I	N	G		
13	SOME OLD ONES TAKE A LOT OF UNDERSTANDING				A	W	S			
14	YOUNG CHILD REQUIRES THIS PRETTY REGULARLY	A	I		I	N	G			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated June 2

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY, JUNE 8
Signed .....
Address.....
279

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided. Test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

THE COAL PROBLEM
MISTAKE WE MAKE IN RUSSIA
COMMUNITY SPIRIT
OUR LOSSES
DAD LIKES BEER, BUT
CHEERING
UP IN WHITEHALL
SONNY'S BEST PAL
PROFITEERING
FOR THE FEW
NOT RATIONED YET
HE'S A BIG NOISE, SO

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, June 19. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,323rd Contest on page 14.

TIME MARCHES ON, BUT
PLANNING FOR TO-MORROW
ONLY COMMON-SENSE
MIRACLE OF ORGANISATION
IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF
IN OUR VILLAGE TO-DAY
SHOWS WHAT'S WRONG

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

ON THE WORLD'S.....
VOICE OF .....
NEEDS A NEW.....
STRAIGHT FROM THE..
GOOD FOR.....
BELIEVING IN.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 20.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark 1,327 Monday, June 8.

Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,327—or Xword No. 279, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

How to get your NEW Food Ration Books and your NEW Clothing Book

Four jobs are being done all in one this year — the issue of the new Clothing Book, the issue of the Personal Food Ration Book, application for the General Food Ration Book and also an inspection of Identity Cards. Special offices throughout the country are now open; their addresses are advertised locally.

This is what you do . .

1 Look at your IDENTITY CARD. If you have made any alteration to it, or if it does not give your present address, the first thing you should do is to take it to the nearest National Registration Officer. (Usually his office is in the Council Offices.)

2 As soon as you have made sure about your Identity Card, turn to page 3 of your main FOOD RATION BOOK. This is the reference leaf. *Do NOT take it out of the book.* See that your name is clearly written in Part A (the top portion).

3 In Part B, the lower part to the reference leaf, you must fill in the details asked for — and one that isn't. The form says "If the holder is under 18 state date of birth." But this time *everyone* must give this information. It will be kept confidential.

4 Take your main FOOD RATION BOOK and your IDENTITY CARD (slipped in between page 2 and page 3) to any one of the special offices in your area at once. Addresses are advertised locally in Post Offices, Cinemas, and elsewhere. Don't post the Books and Identity Cards — take them or send them by a neighbour or a member of the family.

5 You may take the Books of your family and friends — but see that all the reference leaves have been properly filled in and that you have the right Identity Cards in the right Books.

6 The office will hand over the counter the new Clothing Book (valid from June 1), with a supplement for children, and also the Personal Food Ration Book. They will take out the reference leaf, and will send on the general Food Ration Book later.

If you know you are going to move before July 27 you should postpone your application until you have moved.

DON'T POST BUT TAKE OR SEND

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET

The BLADES LAST LONGER

also STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily

1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

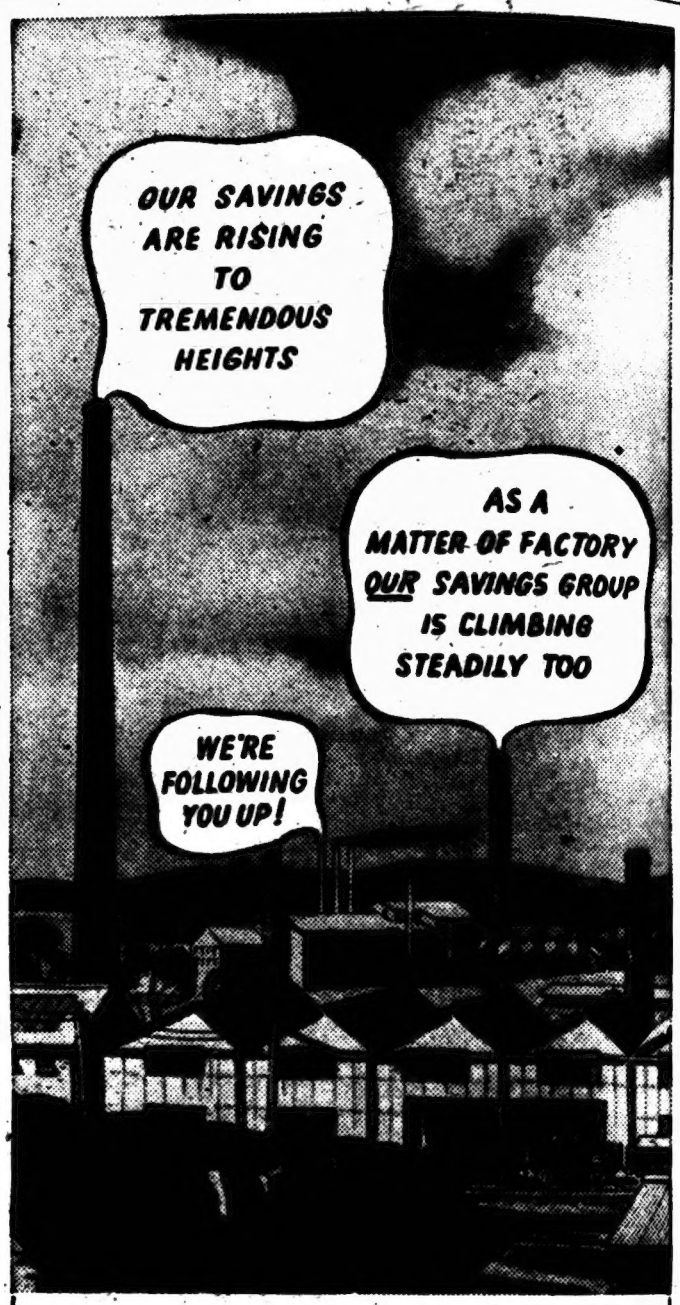
Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.

2 THEN FLUSH — THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see as well.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.


OUR SAVINGS ARE RISING TO TREMENDOUS HEIGHTS
AS A MATTER OF FACTORY OUR SAVINGS GROUP IS CLIMBING STEADILY TOO
WE'RE FOLLOWING YOU UP!

START A SAVINGS GROUP IN YOUR FACTORY

Help in the fight by forming a Savings Group in your factory, street or office. Get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your local Savings Committee, he will give you full particulars. The Post Office has his name and address.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

17 TIMES MORE VITAMIN B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves and Nutrition need Vitamin B... and they know the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains **17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ½-lb. Beef Steak**—and you get **extra nourishment from all your food.**

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:

"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (Including Purchase Tax) . . Tablets

Ask for...

Phillips TONIC YEAST

—Its LIFE ITSELF!

FAMILY HEALTH comes first...

for household & family use

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